The Outlook

MAY 24, 1922

MOVING FROM GENOA TO THE HAGUE

TO those who expected great things from the Genoa Conference the outcome must be little short of a tragic disappointment. In particular, Lloyd George, who apparently hoped to create a happy family out of the nations of Europe, must be discouraged. Indeed, despatches from Genoa indicate that his experiences at Genoa have had a physical effect which is shown in the unwonted gravity of his demeanor and in the signs of weariness on his face.

There ought to be, however, nothing unexpected in the failure of the Genoa Conference to secure practical co-operation. No conference under the circumstances could have succeeded which disregarded, as the Genoa Conference did, certain fundamental facts. To try to build economic prosperity without laying first a foundation of good faith and of confidence has proved this time, and will always prove, to be futile. Obviously what is lacking in Russia and in Germany is not primarily money or resources or intelligence, but good faith. And with that lacking there can be no confidence in either Russia or Germany. What Genoa tried to do was to secure an economic system that would work without waiting for Russia and Germany to prove their good faith by the evidence of their deeds.

To move from Genoa to The Hague and to change the Conference from one of governmental delegates to one of experts, as has been decided, will not bring any solution so long as there is lacking confidence and the good faith which is requisite to it. It is therefore not surprising that the United States Government has declined the invitation of the Powers to send experts to meet with theirs at The Hague on June 15.

The Russian Bolshevists want, of course, all the money and all the recognition that they can get. They have got a great deal more recognition than they deserve, but they have not yet got the money, or its equivalent in credit, which they want. Last week we recorded the demands of the Powers upon Russia to observe its obligations and to recognize the rights of property in Russia held by foreigners. Since then the Russian reply has been received, and it has proved to be quite unsatisfactory. The Bolshevists do not want, as the Powers propose, to have credit extended by these Governments to such of their merchants as wish to trade with Russia; they want these Governments to extend credit to the Bolshevist Government itself. The object of this of course is to enable the Bolshevists to get a firmer hold upon the country than they now have. The Bolshevists complain that the Powers are trying to interfere in the internal affairs of Russia, and with some skill undertake to play upon the differences of opinion between Britain and Italy, on the one hand, and France and Belgium, on the other hand. In their answer they propose a mixed commission of experts to study Russian finances. The Allies do not want a mixed commission—that is, a commission in which Russians would be on an equality with the representatives of the other countries. The conclusion of the matter is that there may be a commission of Russians who will be called upon to confer with the commission of delegates composed of other nations to meet probably at The Hague.

AMERICA'S DECLINATION

IN the very prompt reply sent to the invitation extended to America by the Powers, the Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes, says that the American people have proved their unselfish interest in Russian recuperation; but for such recuperation there are conditions which in the nature of things must be provided within Russia itself. It is because the Bolshevists by their answer have failed to show any apparent recognition of the need of supplying those conditions that our Government regards it as useless to participate in any discussion of Russia's circumstances.

As Mr. Hoover has pointed out in an address before the International Chamber of Commerce, the United States is not dependent upon Russia in any degree for its own prosperity, and as long as Russia persists in living on her own fat and not undertaking to establish the foundations of productivity, all that we can do for her will be in the nature of credit (which is obviously unjustifiable) or charity. "Production," said Mr. Hoover, "is conditioned upon the safety of lives, the sanctity of contract, and the rights of free labor."

Does this sound obvious, platitudinous, trite? We should have supposed so except for the fact that the Genoa Conference has proceeded on the principle of virtually ignoring it. Fortunately for France, her interests are such that they are served by a recognition of this elementary truth, and some of those who think that France was an obstructionist have perhaps come to see that what has obstructed the Genoa Conference has been this elementary rule of conduct which the Conference has chosen to disregard.

A BLACK BOOK

A RECENT number of the London "Times Literary Supplement" contains an interesting account of a volume in French entitled "Un Livre Noir," which it justly characterizes as "of great value to historical students." The author, a French journalist, has been allowed access by the Soviet Government to the Russian diplomatic archives and has given in this book extracts from the diplomatic correspondence of the Russian Ambassador at Paris, M. Isvolsky, from 1910 to the outbreak of the war.

The first volume contains a selection of letters from 1910 to 1912. "We seem to find in these confidential letters," says the reviewer, "a cynical, clear-headed man of affairs, whose object was to cement the alliance with France and the understanding with England as the best means of defending his own country against the many dangers to which, as he himself says, it was exposed owing to the very extended frontier and the wide range over which its interests spread. . . . Of desire for war there is no evidence, though there is much that he, like every other statesman in Europe, frankly recognized that war might come at any time, and that if it did come it was very important that the Entente should be prepared for it." Incidentally, it indicates that France and England were equally desirous to avoid war; and also that M. Isvolsky, "to control the French press, made a suitable expenditure of money," though the discussion of this subject, the English reviewer wisely thinks, "had better be left to the other side of the Channel."

This diplomatic correspondence, which the public was never intended to see, confirms the evidence afforded by the published letters and telegrams of France, Belgium, and England immediately preceding the war, which made evident the eager desire of those countries for peace. The publication of this Russian correspondence increases our wonder that to President Wilson the

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causes of the war should have seemed obscure. Whether our Ambassadors failed to see what M. Isvolsky saw so clearly, or Mr. Wilson's optimistic Secretary of State did not think their reports of sufficient importance to call the President's attention to them, or the President did not take them seriously, we do not know and probably never shall know, though the post-war publications of Henry van Dyke and Brand Whitlock indicate that the war was not altogether a surprise to them.

FOR A NATIONAL COAL INQUIRY

IN the discussion over the present coal strike public opinion has centered quite surprisingly in a demand for a National Coal Commission. The opinion is also strongly expressed that such a commission should not be formed merely to try to end the present difficulty, but that it should continue permanently, just as the Railway Labor Board does; and that it should seek and publish the essential facts relating to the production, sale, carriage, and distribution of coal.

The Bland Bill, now before the House, does not answer to this definition, but does provide for investigation of the facts in the coal industry. The bill as it now stands would provide for the appointment of what it calls a Coal Investigation Agency. This body would have ten members; four would be the heads of the Geological Survey, the Bureau of Mines, the Census Bureau, and the Bureau of Labor Statistics; the other six would consist of three groups of two each, representing the public, the miners, and the operators. These six men would be appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate; the two men in the miners' group to be chosen from four names presented to the President by the head of the United Mine Workers of America, the two members in the operators' group to be chosen from nominees jointly named by the presidents of the Anthracite Bureau of Information and the Anthracite Coal Operators Association. The proposed Coal Investigation Agency is to continue for two years only. This will seem undesirable to those who believe firmly in a permanent coal commission.

Another debatable section of the Bland Bill is that which strictly enjoins the members of the Agency to make public no facts learned by them in the course of their investigation except in reports to Congress. As it is provided that no report need be made by the Agency until the end of its term, this does not seem to be a good method of informing the public of the basic conditions and facts in the coal industry, which is precisely what is needed. It is quite right that the Government should not disclose trade secrets when to do that would injure one competitor as against another, but immediate inquiry and publication of the results of inquiry are certainly desirable.

The Bland Bill does not direct the proposed Agency specifically to bring about the arbitration of the present controversy, but directs it to provide Congress with facts as a basis for legislation "to settle industrial disputes in and prevent the overdevelopment of the coal industry, to stabilize such industry and levy taxes in respect thereto, to regulate commerce in coal among the several States and with foreign nations," and so on.

In presenting this bill to Congress Mr. Bland, who is Chairman of the House Committee on Labor, stated, among other things, that there is no agency in the Federal Government to-day "which has ascertained, or can ascertain, the correct production cost of a ton of coal in a well-operated, efficient mine." He remarked in this connection: "Operators came before the Committee on Labor and obstinately refused to give their cost of production, and it is fair to presume that such reports as were voluntarily made by them to existing Government agencies, who did not have the right to examine books, investigate contracts, and cross-examine witnesses, were padded and unreliable."

Mr. Bland also pointed out the great and pressing necessity of dealing with the overdevelopment and overproduction of the coal-mining industry. This is undoubtedly a crucial point. He declared that there are about one-third too many coal mines and one-third too many miners for the proper economic operation and development of the industry. He also recognized the importance of making the industry free from the present "seasonable" difficulties; and ended by a strong affirmation that the coal industry has become quasi-public in character and of vital concern to the whole people.

THE CHILD LABOR LAW INVALID

THE United States Supreme Court has without dissent decided adversely as to the constitutionality of the Child Labor Law enacted in 1919. It seems, therefore, that for the tremendously important matter of preventing abuses in this direction we must look to the laws of the several States. These laws differ widely in their nature and enforcement. There is a true sense in which the regulation of child labor in the interest of humanity and of the future of the country is a National question. As we have pointed out heretofore, there is an inter-State aspect, in that States that have efficient child labor laws are at a disadvantage commercially in competing with States in which such laws are lax or not well enforced. The failure of this second attempt to regulate child labor by National law must be accepted as necessary from a legal point of view, but from the humane point of view it is regrettable.

In each of the decisions of the Supreme Court as to a National child labor law the view taken was that the law passed by Congress was an attempt to regulate child labor by the imposition of a tax. Both cases came up through a lower court in North Carolina. The Owen-Keating Law forbade the inter-State transportation of the products of factories where restrictions as to child labor were not observed; the law now declared invalid placed a tax of ten per cent on profits made on products where child labor had been employed contrary to the restrictions of the law. The present decision indicates that the Court saw no difference between these two methods of applying Federal regulation.

Chief Justice Taft, who read the decision, declared that "its prohibitory and regulatory effect and purpose are palpable." He added: "There comes a time in the extension of the penalizing features of the so-called tax when it loses its character as such and becomes a mere penalty with the characterization of regulation and punishment. Such is the case in the law before us."

The whole effect and purport of the Supreme Court's decision is that the regulation of intra-State labor conditions belongs to the State and not to the Federal Government, and that child labor has no bearing on inter-State commerce. Though we do not see how the Court can take this view, such it seems clearly to be.

A BUSINESS THERMOMETER

IN an issue of The Outlook in January, 1908, it was pointed out that the flow of American immigration was regulated by the law of supply and demand and that its eastward and westward currents might be accepted as a thermometer of the condition of the American labor market. This fact was established by the sudden cessation of industrial employment following the financial disturbance of that year, which was looked upon as the puncturing of a bubble of inflation. The consequent reduction in the stream of incoming aliens and the rapid increase in the outward flow of immigrant laborers until it exceeded in volume the incoming were immediately recognized as an economic symptom.

With the outbreak of the war, however, this test of labor conditions was

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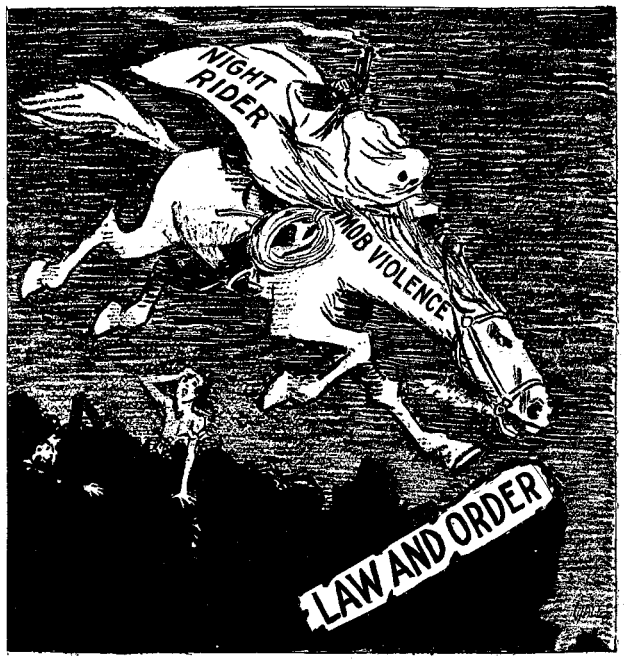
WHY ALL THESE GLIDING GHOSTS?

(Julius Cæsar, Act I, Scene 3)

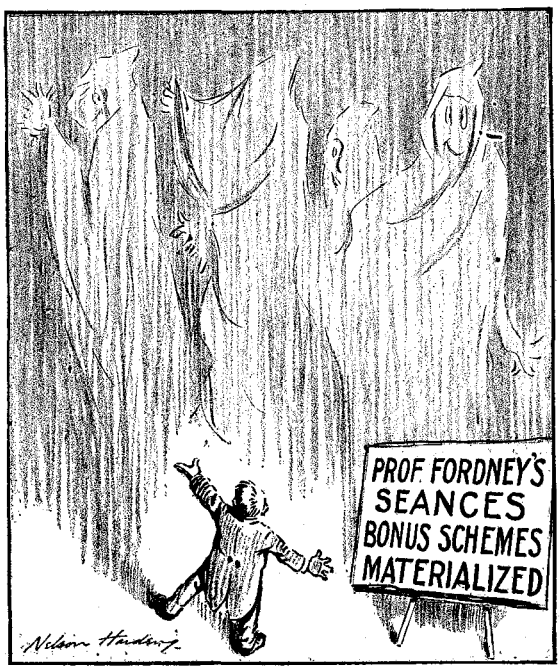
Gale in the Los Angeles Times



RIDING FOR A FALL

From F. L. Munn, Los Angeles, Cal.

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



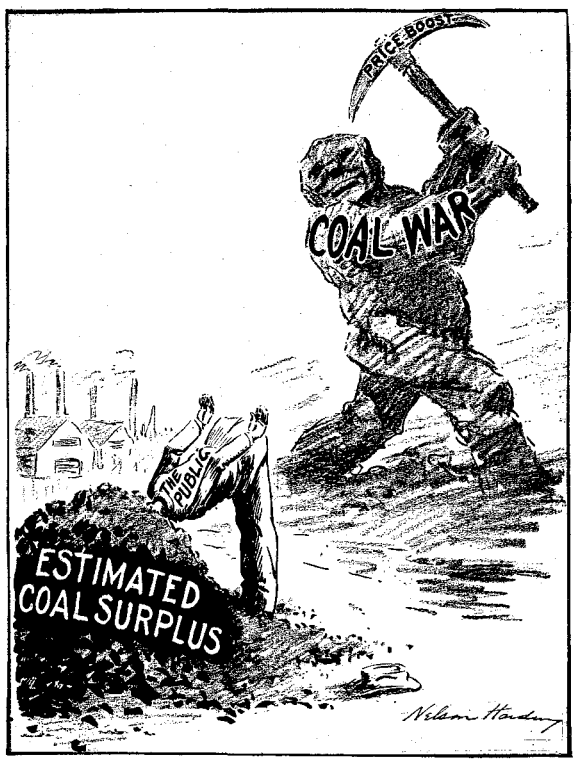
THEY'RE STILL RATHER ETHEREAL, PROFESSOR

Donahey in the Cleveland Plain Dealer

CONSTERNATION!

From Julius J. H. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



THE GREAT AMERICAN OSTRICH

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eliminated. Whether it would be again established, particularly following the adoption of the present restriction law, was a question. Recently figures of outgoing and incoming aliens showed that the outward and inward currents were closely balanced. The old economic law is working again. There is a reduced demand for laborers and there is practically no increase in the alien population of the country. The measures of restriction have been for the time being of less effect than the law of supply and demand in restricting the alien increase in population. The Immigration Law does not recognize the fact that the outward flow is constantly going on. When the quota of each country is determined, no effort is made to give it the benefit of the outbound movement. The actual increase in total number of a given nationality is less than contemplated by those adopting the law, or at least by the general public.

For instance, the immigration figures for the fiscal year up to April 1, which have just been gathered by the Bureau of Immigration, show that the increase in alien population for the nine months was only 59,892, the difference between the total of 330,223 who entered and of 270,331 who departed. It is interesting to note, as illustrating the rapid expansion of the American business and tourist traffic since the close of the war, that in the course of the same period 162,741 United States citizens arrived in the country and 197,315 departed. Evidently American emigration is a second channel by which the proportion of aliens may be increased. No law will touch one of these channels.

There are other figures in the statement of the Bureau of Immigration which are of interest. The number debarred approximates a thousand a month, the chief causes being likelihood of becoming a public charge, which claims one-third of the total, and those in excess of the quota established by law. The two causes together account for approximately fifty-four per cent of all debarred. Whatever value the literacy test possesses as a restrictive agency is indicated by the fact that those over sixteen years of age excluded for inability to read were only 730, or less than one-twelfth of all debarred, and an infinitesimal part of those seeking American shores.

AN UNWISE NOMINATION

PRESIDENT HARDING recently sent in for confirmation by the Senate the name of Mr. Nat Goldstein. The post for which he had been selected was that of Collector of Internal Revenue at St. Louis. It happened that Mr. Goldstein received no little publicity at the time of the last Presidential campaign. He was a supporter of Senator Lowden. Testimony was brought out before a Senate committee that Mr. Goldstein received a check of considerable size from Senator Lowden's campaign manager. It has been said that this check was given for perfectly proper political expenses in connection with the primary campaign. We do not presume to question this statement.

It will be remembered that delegates from Mr. Goldstein's district supported Lowden in the deadlock with General Wood and that it was the transfer of the Lowden delegates to Senator Harding which assured his nomination for the Presidency.

All these facts taken together created so much opposition in the public press and in the Senate to the confirmation of Mr. Goldstein that he has found it necessary to relieve the situation by requesting the President to withdraw his nomination.

In politics the appearance of evil is sometimes as disastrous as evil itself. With all the material available in St. Louis for public office, it does not seem to have been a wise political move to have selected a man for the office of Collector of Internal Revenue upon whose record a shadow of public suspicion rested. We do not mean to infer in any way that the suspicion was justified. But the nomination of Mr. Goldstein was an open invitation to Mr. Harding's opponents to train their guns upon one of his nominees. Hindsight shows the nomination to have been unfortunate. Political foresight should have shown that it was distinctly unwise.

THE UNFORGETABLE

IT is an ineradicable instinct of man to create memorials. In stone or on canvas, with chisel or with brush, we carve and depict the men and the events which shadow forth the ideals of the past or the progress and hopes of our own time.

We make mistakes. Bronze and marble not infrequently endure long after the events which they commemorate have been forgotten. Poets whose volumes lie dead on the shelves of libraries, statesmen who have dwindled away to the stature of petty politicians, soldiers whose wreaths of victory have long since faded, encumber our cities and fail even to arouse the passer-by to wonder when they lived or how they served.

The two memorials whose counterfeit presentments appear upon the opposite page recall a man and an event which cannot and must not know oblivion. On the banks of the Potomac, the great fane which houses French's colossal Lincoln will stand as a witness to a spirit that will live as long as America exists. Just so long should endure the memory of the courage and sacrifice which called forth the painting that is the gift of France to the American Legion. Though the canvas crumble and the artist be forgotten, the union commemorated in these gallant figures has been graven on the hearts of two great nations. There are some things more lasting than bronze.

THE NAVY AS A BUSINESS INVESTMENT

ONE of the natural—perhaps inevitable—consequences of the Armament Conference at Washington has been the somewhat broadly disseminated opinion that it was a conference for disarmament. That opinion has been reflected in Congress, as shown by the attempt to withhold funds necessary for the maintenance of the Navy established by treaty. It has been believed by some that the purpose of the Conference was to reduce naval expenditure, and therefore to relieve the country from taxation.

How little effect upon the burden of taxation it would have to do away with all naval expenditures was pointed out in a recent speech by the Chief of the Bureau of Naval Operations and ranking officer of the Navy, Admiral R. E. Coontz, in a speech before the National Association of Manufacturers in New York City recently; he pointed out the fallacy of the idea that even a complete naval holiday in battleship building would mean a great reduction in taxes. Suppose, said he, that Congress should appropriate $300,000,000 a year in maintaining a Navy. That means less than $3 per capita for a whole year. To abolish the Navy altogether would therefore not be much of a saving.

If we are not going to abolish the Navy—and nobody imagines for a minute that we are going to abolish it—we certainly ought to have a Navy that would do the work that it is designed to do. This does not mean that it always ought to be fighting. On the contrary, the Navy that is fit as a fighting force in war is of great service in time of peace. In proportion to its efficiency, it is a protection for our foreign commerce. If our Navy does not guard our interests, nobody will. For example, Admiral Coontz pointed out that the Greeks and Turks are at war, and therefore our interests in the zone of war are in need of protection. "Naval forces," he said, "are maintained throughout the Caribbean Sea to keep down revolutions, protect life, and guard our commerce. Our fruit trade in the West Indies is enormous. In 1921 we imported fruit valued at about $50,000,000, and much of

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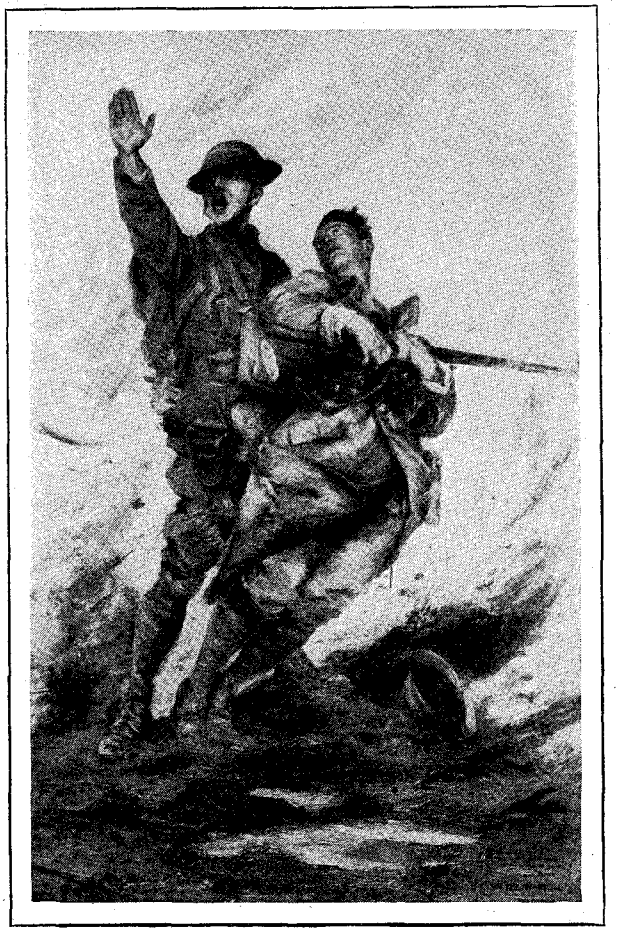
HEROIC MEMORIES

(C) Underwood

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH'S
STATUE WITHIN THE NEW
LINCOLN MEMORIAL
AT WASHINGTON

The dedication ceremony will take place on Decoration Day. The head of a man standing at Lincoln's feet would not reach to the knees of the heroic figure



(C) Reni-Mel, from Wide World Photos

"AMERICA"

This painting was presented to the American Legion at a special ceremony in Paris. It will be shipped to this country later. The painting has attached to it the signatures of Marshal Foch and General Pershing

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this came from countries bordering on the Caribbean." Such examples he cited as showing how our Navy protects our interests when our country is at peace. As such a protector of commerce our Navy is inexpensive. For $3,000,000 a year, which, it is estimated, it costs to guard our interests in the Asiatic area, our Navy protects the exports which we send to China to the value of $145,000,000, and that is only one element in our Asiatic trade. "Does it seem unreasonable to you," Admiral Coontz asked his hearers, "that with our sea forces keeping an open market throughout the world for some $8,000,000,000 in annual American exports, we should expend $300,000,000 a year for the Navy?"

Admiral Coontz reminded his hearers that the American people have always been inclined to wreck the Navy after each war. They did so after the Revolution. Thereupon the Barbary pirates began seizing the wheat we had been shipping to the Mediterranean markets, and Congress was forced to appropriate money for building fighting ships. "So," said Admiral Coontz, "when the farmer in the Great West asks why he should be taxed to build battleships, you can tell him that we built our first man-of-war in 1794 in order that his wheat could be safely delivered to foreign markets."

UNEMPLOYMENT

WHENEVER there is any general distress or difficulty, people in all countries yield to the impulse to turn for help to the Government. This is partly due to the inclination of man to shift responsibility from his own shoulders to others', and partly to the reasonable supposition that the very purpose of government is to furnish common protection and a common means for the common weal. When, therefore, there is a period of depression such as that through which this country has been passing, and men by the hundreds of thousands are out of employment and find themselves and their families in want of the common necessities of life, it is inevitable and to some degree just that those who feel the pinch should look to the Government for relief.

Not long ago the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce adopted resolutions asserting as a fact that the employment situation was still acute and calling upon the Mayor and Board of Estimate of the City of New York and upon the Governor and the Legislature of the State of New York "to either institute at once adequate measures of relief and work for the unemployed of our city and State or refer the whole question back to the President and the Congress for centralized action upon a National scale." Indorsing these resolutions, a number of men and women in the city of New York presented an appeal to the Mayor and the Board of Estimate and to the Governor and Legislature. In that appeal they presented figures which they held to be proof that there had been no such relief from the condition of unemployment as had been reported, and that in the present situation there is a menace to the peace and order of society. The signers of this statement, while supporting such reforms as the establishment of Government employment agencies, out-of-work benefits, old-age pensions, and unemployment insurance, declared that something more than these palliatives were needed, and that the people, acting through the Congress and the States, should furnish employment by the lawful exercise of the police power, the right of eminent domain, and the power of taxation to inaugurate great public works, such as road building, modern housing, irrigation and drainage projects, scientific farming, afforestation, harbor and river improvements, National electrification for power, heat, and light, and development of water power.

That the unemployment situation is still acute we do not doubt. There has been rumor mongering, due perhaps to carelessness, perhaps to propaganda, perhaps to a real but mistaken desire to help, which has resulted undoubtedly in giving many people the impression that unemployment is no longer a National problem. This is unfortunate. The President's Conference on Unemployment, which studied the problem and has done much to show the way out, has no figure-gathering agency of its own; but such figures as it has obtained indicate no such recovery as some reports have perhaps led people to believe. There has been, we have every reason to believe, a slow, steady pick-up; but no solution of the problem. According to reports from public employment agencies, in January there were 226 applicants for every hundred jobs, whereas by the middle of April there were 151 applicants for every hundred jobs. To show it in another way, out of every 100 applicants in January, 38 got employment; while by the middle of April out of every 100, 55 got employment. This, however, is not the same in all parts of the country. The reports were what is called "spotty." Still there are many more people who want work than can get it.

What should be done about it?

To imagine that a city, or a State, or the Nation can take hold of a situation like this and cure it at once, or even within a short period, is to imagine the impossible. It is true that in times of disaster like a flood, or a fire, or an earthquake, the city that cannot help itself gets aid from the State, and the State that cannot help itself gets aid from the Nation, and relief is usually prompt and efficacious. Disasters that are thus localized, however, are not comparable to a general condition. In the one case prosperity in a part of the Nation can be drawn upon for relief of those in trouble in another part; while in the other case the difficulty lies in the lack of general prosperity and the apparent disappearance of resources on which to draw for relief. The demand to cure unemployment by levying taxes and seizing property by eminent domain does not take account of the fact that the remedy itself in that case is likely, while relieving the symptom, to aggravate the disease.

There are some cases in which the symptoms are worse than the disease. There may be times when the authorities might conceivably disregard the danger of extending an industrial depression in order to rescue its most needy victims; but such action is itself a reflection upon the intelligence of a people who allow a condition to arise which can be remedied only by making it worse.

We hope that every effort will be made to alleviate the want of those who are out of work and at the end of their resources; but we certainly hope that the effort to deal with unemployment will not end there.

To say that the National Government has done nothing in this matter, as has been said, is to do injustice to the Government of this country. It might be said that the only agency which has really done anything to deal with this problem fundamentally is the National Government. By calling the Unemployment Conference into being the President has put in motion forces which can deal with this matter if the people will support their Government and follow in practice the principles which that Conference has enunciated.

Merchants and manufacturers and men of business generally cannot shoulder this burden off upon the Government and say that they have nothing whatever to do about it themselves. If they will read the report of that Unemployment Conference, they will find that they have everything to do about it.

In the first place, so far as the use of Government agencies is concerned, these men of business, these manufacturers and merchants, have got to create a public opinion which will force municipal authorities, State Legislatures, and the

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Federal Congress to make their appropriations for public works, and to authorize expenditures for public works, in such a way as to anticipate need for public employment. Under present conditions, when times are prosperous and factories are busy and production is on the upward trend, lavish appropriations for public works are made and construction is authorized so that the Government becomes a competitor of private business in seeking employees. Then when the peak is reached and there begins to be a period of hard times, appropriations are cut down, public construction is stopped, and the ills of unemployment are aggravated by the very Government that ought to alleviate them. Let these business men who are now petitioning Mayors and Governors and the President turn their attention to Congress and insist that it pass the Kenyon Bill (S. 2749). By this measure executive officers of the Government would be authorized to draw upon funds already appropriated at times when there are unemployed available for the Government to use for their benefit as well as for the benefit of the whole people.

In the second place, let these business men revise their own practices. Let them follow the principle of retrenchment before the peak of prosperity is reached, that they may have resources with which to prevent the subsequent depression. Let them follow in their own business the course that they would have the Government pursue. There are concerns whose efficiency commands general respect which are following this practice. Those who really seek to render some service in the solution of this problem of unemployment can do no better than to get from the secretary of the President's Conference on Unemployment, Washington, D. C., the report which shows the way to the proper treatment of the problem, not only by the Government, but also by private business.

BEAUTY AND THE RAILWAYS

ONE of the features of this issue of The Outlook is a group of a dozen pictures of American scenery which we have been enabled to reproduce by the courtesy of several well-known railway companies.

We do not mean to be ungracious, but we cannot resist the thought that the cult of beauty by railway builders and operators is a comparatively recent passion—a passion which it is to be hoped may develop into a steady, faithful, and even self-sacrificing love.

When railways were introduced into England, now nearly a century ago, artists, poets, and other "damned literary fellers" opposed them bitterly as the destroyers of all landscape beauty. John Ruskin could not say enough in their despite. He had in mind the beautiful coach-roads of England, lined with hedgerows, and orchards, and parklike pastures, and finely forested woodlands, and gardens; and the old-fashioned inns, with their spick-and-span courtyards and flowers and thatch-roofed outbuildings, which were the stations and stopping-places of the line. Any one who has read in "Tom Brown's School Days" the account of that young Englishman's unforgetable journey from London to Rugby on the top of a coach, or who has himself driven from Brighton to London on the old post road behind four spanking bays with a veritable Tony Weller on the box, can realize how Ruskin felt. And yet one of the most striking and beautiful of the pictures painted by Ruskin's beau-ideal, Turner, is an English railway picture. "Rain, Steam, and Speed" it was called by Turner himself—an impressionistic painting of a railway engine and train plunging through the mist across a great viaduct. It is hanging in the National Gallery in London and deserves a visit from all railway men who feel the potential and imaginative beauty of high speed and great power.

Railways have always had a great but too generally unrealized and undeveloped asset of scenic beauty. At first the idea was simply to carry the greatest loads at the least cost and the biggest profit possible. Stations were barnlike and dingy. Yards were dirty and unkempt. Cuts were ragged gashes in the earth. Embankments were a paradise of weeds. Apparently it was believed that the more hideous a bridge was, the stronger it must be. The most uninviting and repellent part of any city or village was likely to be that through which the railway ran on its way across the land.

But all this is being changed. It has been discovered that people travel not only from necessity but for pleasure, and that beauty is an essential element of pleasure. So our great railway operators have employed gifted architects to build stations and talented artists to adorn them with mural paintings. Landscape gardeners plan and beautify the station yards. Embankments are softened with grass and shrubs. Stately viaducts and carefully designed culverts are supplanting the ugly trestles and angular bridges. Section houses and signposts are harmoniously painted. And foremen of the permanent way are given prizes, not only for efficiency and safety, but for the neatness and attractiveness of the sections which are in their charge.

In George Kennan's recently published biography of Edward H. Harriman there is an interesting passage that indicates the value which that great transportation builder placed upon beauty as a railway asset:

> Throughout Mr. Harriman's connection with the Union Pacific, which lasted until his death, he never ceased to improve its physical condition. He strove to make it the best as well as the most useful railroad in the West, and when, after he became president in 1904, he had brought it almost to the point of perfection as a means of transportation, he turned his attention to beautifying it.
>
> "On one of his trips over the line," says Superintendent Park, "he noticed the lack of vegetation in and around Rock Springs, Wyoming, which, its population considered, was the best revenue-producing station on the road. 'Why don't you put in a park here?' he asked. 'The station is of attractive design, and some grass and a little shrubbery would freshen things up wonderfully.'
>
> "A resident of Rock Springs interrupted my reply by saying: 'Mr. Harriman, there is not a sprig of grass in Rock Springs; not because we don't want it, but because the percentage of alkali in the soil is an absolute bar to its growth.'
>
> "Mr. Harriman looked at me and said: 'Nothing is impossible.'
>
> "Taking that for my cue, I hauled from Utah hundreds of cars of the best soil of that fertile State, distributed around the depot, planted shrubbery and trees, and to-day one of the most attractive spots on the Union Pacific Railroad is the garden surrounding Rock Springs station. This was also a cue for further work of this character all along the line. At my own personal expense I had planted trees in many localities, and had made every effort to obtain parks without the expenditure of money, because previous managements had not been willing to 'waste' money, as they termed it, in this way. Mr. Harriman was willing to spend money to make the road look attractive. The result was the beautiful park at Cheyenne, and the improvement of the landscape at all terminals, which, in a few years, transformed the Union Pacific from a road through a desert to one along which the bright green grass, trees, and flowers were in evidence at every station of importance. This movement soon spread—the section foremen began to plant trees and flowers—and now there is no other railroad so well kept, unless it be the Southern Pacific, along which Mr. Kruttschnitt had started a similar movement years before."

And so it is with special pleasure that we print this week the dozen pictures of American scenery which have been made by some of the railways as proofs of the value of their lines to the traveler. The photographs reveal, not only great natural scenic charm, but the

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growing realization of railway men that they are ministers to the sense of beauty as well as to the needs of industry.

CHICAGO AROUSED

A SPECIAL correspondent in Chicago gives a clear account on another page of the facts which have led to the indictment of labor leaders charged with a conspiracy the outcome of which was a murderous assault on May 9. In it two policemen were killed, one seriously wounded, and workshops operating under Judge Landis's award as to the building dispute were bombed. One of those arrested, Fred Mader, is described as "ex-convict and President of the Chicago Buildings Trade." According to the Chicago "Journal of Commerce," Mader lately had the impudence to state before a committee of the City Council that "unless this committee takes some action that will suppress the Citizens' Committee to Enforce the Landis Award I can no longer keep my men from committing acts of violence and chasing the members of the Citizens' Committee out of the city of Chicago." The police claim that they have physical as well as moral evidence that the arrested men incited acts of violence.

Chicago is rightly stirred to action by a long series of crimes of violence, of which those growing out of the labor trouble are only a part. Lately Mayor Thompson, moved by the citizens' indignation and demand for more protection and less politics, appointed a new head of the police force, Mr. Fitzmorris, and the new chief has promised a thorough cleaning up. To Chief Fitzmorris is largely due the present war against labor thugs. He is quoted as saying: "Honest labor union men are with us in this clean-up. They're giving us fine help." Mr. Edward W. Sims, President of the Chicago Crime Commission, declares: "Anarchists in control of Chicago labor unions have used the money subscribed by honest workingmen to hire cowardly assassins to destroy life and property as a means of continuing their hold upon the unions."

A great deal has been said implying that there has been, or is to be, a stretching of the theory of criminal conspiracy in order to push these prosecutions, and they have been compared to the Haymarket attack on the Chicago police in 1886. In that case the claim was made that one or two of the men executed were not shown to have had any direct connection with the actual crime, but were convicted because of radical and Anarchistical utterances made shortly before the crime. The Judge who presided over the Haymarket trials, later wrote a magazine article of deep earnestness in which he urged that both public security and legal reasoning called for a broader interpretation of the definition of criminal conspiracy. If in the present cases the allegations of the police are sustained, there is no need whatever of any extension of the meaning of conspiracy. It never was the law that a crime must be committed by the very hands of a man charged with murder; if by threats, bribes, or persuasion he sets in motion the crime of murder, he is guilty of that offense. And that is precisely what is asserted here.

How extensive the general increase in criminal violence has been in Chicago is indicated by an editorial in the Chicago "Tribune" entitled "War on the Jungle." It asks, "Does Chicago belong to the gunman, the bomb-thrower, the labor bully, the thug, the burglar, the divekeeper, the jury fixer, the crook in politics, the grafter, and the demagogue?" And it asserts as fact:

> There is a killing for every day of the year, and murder makes a grim farce of the law. Property is destroyed with impunity. Men who would work are bullied and beaten. Officers of the law are shot down like sheep. Crime after crime goes unpunished and the hired criminal and the criminal who hires him go free.
>
> This is not civilization. It is anarchy. If we go on, there will be no law for us but the law of the jungle.
>
> The makers of this anarchy are rotten politics and rotten labor and the allies they have made with the human beasts that stalk the shadows of the underworld.

The problem of Chicago is, in a less degree, the problem of many large American cities. In New York City lately an assistant district attorney in a radio address pointed out the extraordinarily large percentage of quite young men among those charged with robbery and other crimes of violence, and urged that moral training in schools, churches, and homes needed extension and intensifying. The law and the courts and the police do their best to restrain and punish. But prevention lies in the implanting of higher moral standards. The non-violent citizen who profiteers or dodges taxes or oppresses the poor or piles up wealth dishonorably need not be surprised if the vicious and the hoodlum say, as one did say: "He gets his with his brains; I'm going to get mine with my hands."

The courage of Chicago in facing its crime problem should encourage decent men and women in all our cities to fight for honest and brave civic government and the defeat of crooks, gangsters, and hold-up men.

THE HUB OF EUROPE

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE GENOA CONFERENCE

BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

IN these days in America we are apt to think of the countries of Central Europe as rather too far away to be of very much interest; as forming or reforming themselves politically; as having precarious economic conditions, with finances all upside down; as having new and largely untried means of national defense; as approving largely lopsided legislation; as lending themselves to much unnecessary squabbling with their neighbors—in short, Central Europe, to most of us, is an unsavory mess with a hopeless political outlook, and with not much power even were the outlook not hopeless.

One has but to come to Genoa, however, and see the rôle which some of these nations—above all, Czechoslovakia—are playing in the Conference to get some notion of their real power. And it is real.

The chief of the Czechoslovak delegation here is Prime Minister Edouard Benes, who is also Minister of Foreign Affairs. As I talked with him in his study this morning, he seemed no typical Slav—mystic, brooding, unpractical, doctrinaire, not working easily with other men. Instead, a brisk, practical man of affairs met me, every part of him active and alert. He gave me his whole attention; and often when you are talking with a Slav you are not quite sure whether he is giving you his whole attention or whether he is not considering something else at the same time He grasped my meaning before I got to the end of my sentence. He was ready with instant appreciation of my point of view—perhaps that was because it was also his own! He understood American humor. He replied tersely to my queries, telling me much in few words.

And what he says is impressively backed up by what Czechoslovakia has already done and is doing. By her geographical position she is the center

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f Europe. But by her economic, politi-
al, and moral force she has become the
ub around which the wheels of Europe
re now revolving (these are not the
'remier's words, but are a little conceit
t my own which seemed to please him).
'zechoslovakia is to-day the most active
nd powerful center of both economic
nd political force in Central Europe.
Vhat do you say to a new nation which
n four years has accomplished that?

Bohemia, the land where the Czech
nguage is spoken, has had a glorious
ast. For sixteen hundred years the
'zechs have been on the same soil. They
ave been cultivators of that soil. They
ave been industrialists and exporters.
3ut their great glory has been in the
ealm of education. Theirs was the first
ountry of Central Europe to have a
niversity (1368), and the martyred Jan
Ius was one of its rectors. Bohemia
tarted the Reformation a century be-
ore Luther came. Bohemia has given
o the world such lights in the worlds
f religion, education, science, literature,
nd philosophy as Jerome of Prague, Co-
nenius, Kepler, Tycho Brahe, Palacky,
nd now Masaryk, philosopher, political
eader, and President of the Czecho-
lovak Republic.

And what does not the contemporary
vorld of art in general and music in
articular owe to such composers as
3metana, Dvorak, Fibich, and Suk, and
o such virtuosi as Kubelik, Kocian, and
Iadame Ema Destinnova?

For centuries Bohemia had been
round down under Hapsburg rule from
Vienna. In 1914 the World War came.
Vithout firing a shot, Czech regiments
epeatedly surrendered to the Russians
nd the Italians as their deliverers, and
hemselves formed legions to fight Aus-
ria-Hungary on the Entente side. Un-
er Masaryk's leadership they waged
uch a political and military campaign
gainst Austria-Hungary that the Allies
ecognized their claim to independence.

In obtaining her independence and
nity Italy had her Mazzini, Garibaldi,
'avour. History may give equal honor
o Masaryk, Stefanik, Benes.

Czechoslovakia numbers nearly 14,-
00,000 people. The natural resources
f the country make it one of the richest
n Europe. It possesses every useful
nineral save platinum. Its forest
vealth is enormous, a third of the total
rea being covered with forests. It is
he only European country which ex-
orts sugar. Its glass and textile and
eer industries are world-famous.

With these advantages and a sound
nancial system, Czechoslovakia is
airly unique among the countries of
Jurope in having a budget where reve-
ues and expenditures balance each
ther. But Czechoslovakia does even
etter than that. She actually has a
alance to the good.

Such a country can propose to borrow
50,000,000, as Czechoslovakia did the
ther day, and have it covered in twenty-
our hours—as it was.

Hence, with justified if characteristi-
cally modest pride, the Premier said to
me: "We have taken all necessary meas-
ures to be the first among European
states to pay interest on our war debt
to America."

With her up-to-date parliamentary
and judicial systems, her standing army
of 150,000 men, her advanced social
legislation (labor reforms, compulsory
education, housing, pensions, accident,
sickness, and maternity insurance),
Czechoslovakia stands in the forefront
of progressive nations.

As is appropriate, when one considers
the past, religious liberty is spreading
in Czechoslovakia. During the past four
years about a million persons have left
the Roman Catholic Church. Most of
them have joined the newly formed Na-
tional Church, which is largely the re-
sult of a demand for reforms by a con-
siderable section of the priesthood.
They demanded the abolition of celibacy,
the introduction of the vernacular into
the services, and a more democratic ad-
ministration of ecclesiastical affairs.
The National Church is now negotiating
for recognition by and co-operation with
the Anglican and other churches.

Each summer for several years I
spent some weeks in Carlsbad, Bohemia,
now part of the greater Bohemia or
Czechoslovakia. Carlsbad is situated in
the north, just south of the German
mountain boundary. The region, in-
habited by some 3,000,000 Germans, com-
prises about a seventh of the area of
Bohemia proper, but representing, it
was then said, about six-sevenths of the
wealth of Bohemia. In talking with the
manufacturers of glass and porcelain in
the near-by towns, I often asked if they
would not rather be German instead of
Austrian subjects. The invariable reply
was that, though Austria might oppress
Bohemia, they, the Germans, were con-
tent to remain as they were. If the
Germans in Bohemia were content then,
they ought to be more content now. The
burdens of Czechoslovak military ser-
vice and taxes are not so great as in
Germany, while the system of propor-
tional representation assures the Ger-
mans of due weight in the Parliament
at Prague, where German, Magyar, and
other Deputies sit alongside the Czechs
and Slovaks.

Of course, however, the Czechoslovak
Government has to be on its guard
against Pan-German propaganda, just as
do the Polish, Rumanian, Hungarian,
Austrian, and Jugoslav Governments.

Czechoslovakia is not only in itself
the center of Europe, but also in its in-
fluence on the other countries of that
part of the world. No one has done
anything like as much to emphasize this
as has Edouard Benes. He has formed
the so-called Little Entente. It is really
a Large Entente. It is an alliance
among Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and
Jugoslavia, to which alliance Poland is
now becoming increasingly an ally. The
alliance has already assured betterment
to Czechoslovakia, greater stability and
peace to all the signatory states, and,
through them, to Europe.

There is necessity to constitute in
Central Europe a system of states, not
necessarily having common institutions,
but with a defined system of collabora-
tion based on special treaties. Precisely
this now exists. Into this Entente, de-
spite present differences, the force of
economic law will, I am sure, one day
compel Austria and Hungary to come.
Indeed, Mr. Benes has already con-
cluded a special treaty with the Aus-
trian Foreign Minister, and since then
the relations between Prague and
Vienna have been more cordial than
they were during the centuries of Haps-
burg rule.

But Mr. Benes has had also another
ideal. He may, right here at Genoa, be
close to its realization. Ever since the
Washington Conference the dream of
Mr. Lloyd George has been to accom-
plish here, if it can be done, something
similar to the Four-Power Treaty for the
Pacific negotiated at Washington. Hence,
proceeding from one of the resolutions
adopted at the Conference of Cannes
last winter, providing for non-aggres-
sion, Mr. Lloyd George is now endeavor-
ing to put the Conference of Genoa on
record in the same respect. In other
words, the nations would agree to ab-
stain from attacking one another.

As to this there are two views about
bringing any pact-breaker to terms. One
view is that there should be an interna-
tional military court and force; the
other, that the assessment of blame
should come from swift-working judicial
machinery.

The main difficulty with the whole
plan is that some of the boundaries
along the Russian western frontier are
not yet authoritatively and definitely
fixed. Another difficulty may be in ob-
taining the assent of France to abstain
from exercising her military sanctions
in order to obtain the execution of the
Versailles Treaty. But neither of these
objections is insuperable. Mr. Benes
said to me: "A non-aggression pact
should respect all the international en-
gagements existing among the signatory
states. It would reinforce the League
of Nations. It would surely be a guar-
anty of peace in Europe. A long time
ago I said that a pact uniting the prin-
cipal Entente allies to the Little Entente
would be the best, perhaps the only,
guaranty of European order resulting
from the Treaty of Versailles and the
other treaties."

Mr. Lloyd George's proposed text met
a French counter-proposition. Mr.
Benes has provided a text which, he
told me, had now the approval of the
heads both of the British and French
delegates. If it gets the approval of the
Conference, it should be known, I think,
as the Benes Treaty.

Who says that Czechoslovakia is not
the hub of Europe?

Genoa, April 29, 1922.

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BLINDMAN

BY LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

Blow out a candle in a Gothic room—
I will know velvet still;
I need not only eyes for a hedge in bloom,
For water under a hill!

Say, is it April of another year?
Say, do the birds fly south?
What is the darkness when I have the clear,
Brave music of your mouth!

Beauty may perish in a thousand things,
Veiled eyes no longer see;
But what is blindness when a brown thrush sings,
And love comes home to me!

LABOR LEADERS INDICTED FOR CONSPIRACY TO MURDER

SPECIAL CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE FROM GEORGE C. SIKES

CHICAGO is forced to deal with another labor war attended by outbreaks of violence that recall the disturbances of 1886, as a result of which Anarchist leaders were hanged on account of the killing of policemen by bomb explosions in Haymarket Square. On the evening of Tuesday, May 9, two policemen on strike duty were murdered. At the time this was written the actual perpetrators of the crime had not been discovered. But public authorities, applying the principles of law utilized successfully in the Anarchist trials, are proceeding to prosecute certain labor leaders for murder, on the charge that they are responsible for the slaughter of the policemen.

The trouble developed out of controversies between workers and employers in the building trades. Most of the wage-scale agreements expired in May of last year. The employers asked for reductions in wages. Judge Landis was selected as arbitrator. He not only made moderate wage reductions, but ordered important changes in working practices, hitting particularly practices considered hostile to the public welfare. The workers said these matters were not submitted to arbitration. Judge Landis also stipulated that the wage scale fixed should be treated as the maximum as well as the minimum. It is usual, in theory at least, to regard union scales, whether fixed by agreement or by arbitration, as minimums only. There are thirty-two unions in the Chicago Building Trades Council. After discussion and some protest, twenty of these unions decided to accept the Landis award, and are working under it, on the closed-shop basis. Twelve unions have refused to recognize the Landis award. Of these, the painters, with a hang-over contract, were not a party to the arbitration. The carpenters' union, with the largest membership of any single building trades organization, had withdrawn from the arbitration proceedings before the result was announced because of knowledge that Judge Landis intended to modify working rules. The number of workers in the twelve unions that refused to accept the Landis award is larger than the number in the twenty unions working under the award.

When it appeared that many of the building trades unions were to defy the Landis findings, there was formed the Citizens' Committee for the Enforcement of the Landis Award, backed by leading business interests of the community and well supplied with funds. As to unions that had accepted the award the closed-shop policy was continued, except that workers in these organizations were obliged to work with non-union men of other crafts not under the award. The open-shop policy was announced for the twelve trades the unions in which refused to be bound by the rulings of Judge Landis, and the Citizens' Committee vigorously undertook to help find workers for contractors operating under the Landis award.

At the time of the announcement of the Landis award the principal officials of the Building Trades Council were in favor of accepting it, despite dissatisfaction with some of its features. But these officials soon stepped aside, in part at least on account of scandals not related to this particular matter. Shortly thereafter Fred Mader, an ex-convict, became President of the Building Trades Council. He undertook to wage a vigorous warfare against the Landis award, assisted by two labor leaders not hitherto identified with the Building Trades Council and not connected directly with any union represented in the Council. One of these men, Timothy D. (Big Tim) Murphy, is now under sentence to serve six years in a Federal penitentiary for instigating a bold daylight robbery of the United States mails at the Dearborn railway station in Chicago in April, 1921. The amount stolen was $350,000. The technical charge against Murphy was conspiracy to aid the robbery. He was not accused of participating in it personally. The sentence was imposed by Judge Landis before he resigned from the Federal bench. Murphy has been out on bail pending the review of his case by the higher court. He is a picturesque character of the dare-devil type. He was brought up in the Chicago stockyards district. As a newsboy he sold papers to P. D. Armour. He has been active in politics, having served one term as Representative in the Illinois Legislature. Some years ago Murphy was indicted on the charge of murdering a rival labor leader, "Moss" Enright, also with a reputation as a gunman. When the case finally came to trial, the principal witnesses had disappeared and the prosecution had to be abandoned for that reason. The other conspicuous labor leader associated with Mader is Cornelius P. (Con) Shea, who figured prominently in the Chicago teamsters' strike some years ago which was attended with much violence. Since then Shea has served a term in Sing Sing penitentiary, New York, for brutal treatment of a woman companion.

Since Mader took the presidency of the Building Trades Council crimes of violence against plants operating under the Landis award have been frequent. There have been about twenty bombings and many sluggings. Matters reached a crisis on May 9. Thomas Clark, a policeman, had been assigned to guard a particular plant. When he started to question four men who drove up in an auto, he was shot and killed. A little later the same evening three West Park policemen tried to stop a suspicious looking car—presumably the same one—when the occupants of the car opened fire. Acting Lieutenant Lyons was killed and the two others wounded.

At a special meeting of the May grand jury, held May 11, indictments for murder were voted against Mader, Murphy, Shea, and five others. It is not contended that Mader, Murphy, or Shea actually did the killing, but they are charged with responsibility for the murders. It is announced that the prosecution of the cases will be pushed speedily.

The community is greatly aroused over the latest turn of affairs in the building trades labor war.

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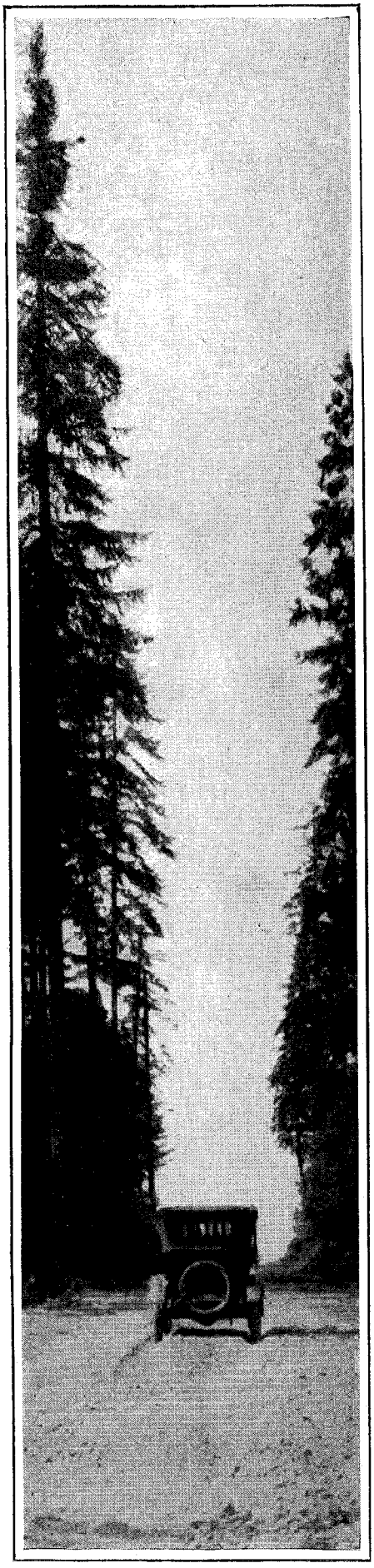
BEYOND THE BOULEVARDS



THROUGH THE BIG WOODS IN WASHINGTON STATE

THERE LIES THE SCENERY, AND ANY AUTOMOBILE CAN REACH IT

BY

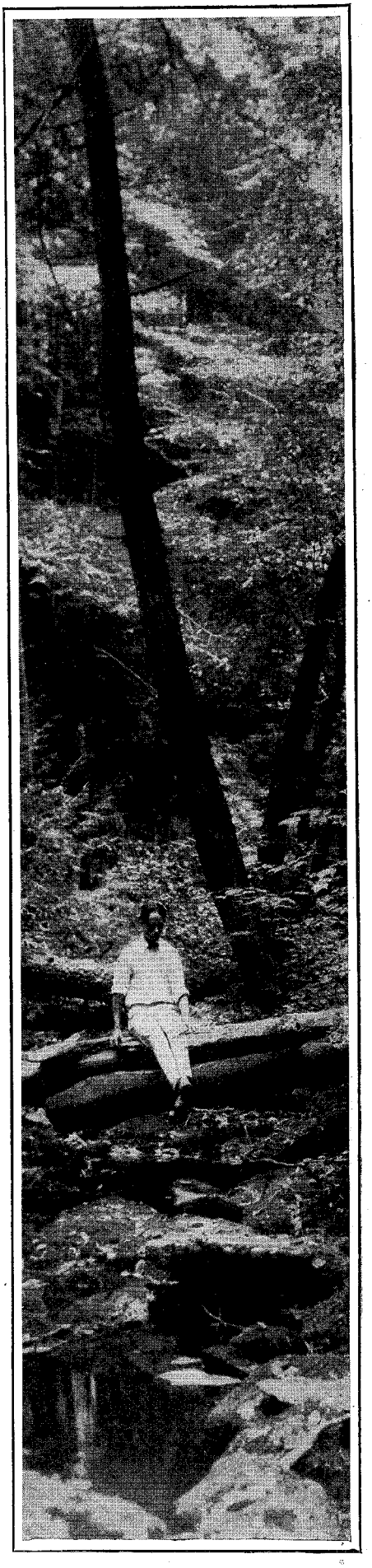
FRANK A. WAUGH

AUTOMOBILISTS are classified in the popular mind and with the garage-keepers according to the price of their cars. A much better system of classification, and one which goes to the very roots of character, might be based on the roads which they frequent.

In this analysis there are three kinds of automobile users; observe them carefully. The first we may call Birds of the Boulevard, for they never get beyond the parkways. The second group shall be known as Macadam Hounds, for it is their ambition to devour every Sunday the maximum mileage of good State road, but nothing under the smiling zenith of heaven could tempt them off the stone turnpike. Then there is the third class, whom we will describe as Lovers of the Landscape, for they use gasoline as a means of getting out to nature. They love the woods and the fields, they linger and worship there. These are the automobilists whom I would like to honor, for they seem to have some sense. It would be a contribution to public education and National welfare if we could convert a few thousands of those Birds of the Boulevard and the Macadam Hounds to the ranks of honest Lovers of the Landscape.

Popular theory has it that all automobile users, excepting only truck drivers and bootleggers, go out to see the landscape. There is a presumption in favor of this hypothesis. For we can readily believe that if all automobile roads were subways, with no outlook upon green grass or trees and no uplook to the sky, there would be very little pleasure driving. At present the amount of this luxury driving runs up to about fifty billion miles a year in this little dominion ruled over by Congress and the Legislature and the Board of Aldermen. It would really seem as though everybody was getting a long slice of the good landscape.

But if it is long, it is exceedingly thin. In a car moving forty-five miles an hour over good State roads the view of the scenery is decidedly superficial. About all one can really grasp is the billboards, because they have been carefully located in the most legible spots. The driver certainly has to keep his attention at full capacity on his driving, and the other occupants of the car have to watch the driver to see that he does not waver or relax. My friend and fellow-scold,



THE PICNIC GROUNDS AT THE END OF THE ROAD

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Mr. George Ade, has recently given these Macadam Fiends the benefit of his scathings. He says he has located his private golf course beside the State highway so as to secure the utmost privacy. Nobody going by in a motor car, he says, can bring his vision down to see so small an object as a golf links.

All of which loses every color of exaggeration when comparison is made with the sweet and delectable scenes enjoyed by the real Lovers of the Landscape, those who use their automobiles to take them where the grass is green, where the woods are shadowy, where the wild birds nest, and who are satisfied to linger and loiter and delight in the world's best when they get there.

Two considerations should be urged against the stupid practices of the Boulevarders and the State Roaders, all of whom might get a great deal more satisfaction out of their gasoline consumption if they would learn new and better ways. And first is the fact that the little side roads are much easier to negotiate than they imagine; and second is the complementary fact that the scenery of these little byways is much more delightful than they have ever known. Both these facts are easily demonstrable, and, while experience is the best teacher, some data can be submitted here to support this argument.

The modern automobile of course is a very capable machine—certainly the most thoroughly adequate machine ever built for general use. It has everything but intelligence, and at times I have been wont to think that such and such a machine knew more than its driver. If the man at the wheel will only supply the brains, a good automobile will always do the rest. It will go anywhere. Last summer a courageous young man drove one down into the Grand Canyon and out again. I have more than once sat beside a driver who would send his car anywhere that a span of horses and a buckboard would dare to climb.

Yet this stunty driving is nowhere necessary on the little country roads. Their only shortcoming in most cases is the lack of macadam. They are "hard dirt roads," according to the technical description. Even when one goes the practicable limit and gets out into the woods roads of New Hampshire or North Carolina or Michigan, all one has to do is to avoid muddy weather and drive slowly.

Drive slowly, in fact, is the key to the whole combination. One has to reduce speed as the road roughens and narrows; but if one will drive carefully and intelligently he can do just as well in the woods roads of the Adirondacks as on the boulevards of Washington. In fact, the driving on the back lanes is safer and easier. The trouble is that hundreds of thousands of poor, half-educated motorists think there is something wholly wrong when the speedometer falls below the 35 mark. They can't imagine themselves going ten or fifteen miles an hour unless the car is lame.

Yet a speed of fifteen miles an hour will get any reasonably good driver into unmeasured worlds of landscape beauty—realms never seen by the average motorist, scenes of constant delight. Of course the hunters and the fishermen and a few such enthusiasts know all about this thing, and those few amiable motorists of the third class, the natural-born Lovers of the Landscape. Others ought to learn how to drive.

When one stops to consider, it is almost a matter of logical necessity that the best scenery should congregate along the little roads. Where the highway runs level and straight along the broad valleys there run also the railways; on those roads the freight-truck traffic blocks the way and raises clouds of dust; on those roads are poles and wires and billboards; there are the towns, the necessary garages, the noise. But on the back roads, winding in and out, up and down, there are the pictures. That kind of a road is full of pictorial compositions. One may lash his kodak to the radiator and snap it at random, and every snapshot will show a pretty landscape. On those back roads are the picturesque old farm buildings, the homely fields, the rolling pastures, the cool woods, the singing brooks. It is characteristic of the topography in inhabited hill country that the side roads climb up and down by the watercourses. Thus we keep company on our travels with every clean and musical brook which the country affords.

Each brook is a story in itself, like a 300-page novel, only more natural and wholesome and better illustrated. In the opening chapters one finds sweet cool springs, then little rivulets seeping out of sphagnum ponds, then dancing little waterfalls, next shady reaches where the trout wait, lower down mill-ponds with a spray of water falling over dams, then broader slower stretches fit for the canoe, and finally the waters of our brook join the great river and flow happily ever after.

In the same way every old farm has its story to tell; and the woodlands modestly ask us to loiter and listen to them. Oh, there is endless romance and delight if we only go where they are and move slowly and quietly enough to hear. If we thunder along at fifty miles an hour, we shall of course hear nothing but the whir of the engine and the knocking of cylinder No. 5 where the tappet-rod is loose.

It is impossible to say enough for the beauty of our American scenery. Everywhere are landscape pictures incomparably superior to the painted landscapes in the art museums of Europe. Whether on the plains of Texas, the deserts of Arizona, the mountains of Montana, or the wheat fields of Dakota, there are beauty and inspiration for all. Only one has to open one's eyes, one's mind, and one's heart to see such things. The modern motor car was sent from heaven primarily to make all these glories accessible to Americans. From this highly defensible point of view the automobile is the first ally of civilization. Let us use it as such. We need not renounce our long trips via the Santa Fé Trail or the Lincoln Highway; but for most of us, with the short hours at our command, the near-by country roads are our main reliance. And so, if we will have the courage to get off the beaten highway, our sturdy automobiles are quite ready to take us to quiet, unexplored and unexpectedly beautiful scenes along the little country lanes. All we need to do is to learn a new and leisurely way of driving. By slowing down, relaxing our tense nerves, and by taking life and the landscape a little easier we shall profit largely. In fact, we shall have discovered a new and higher use for our automobiles.

THE OUTLOOK reaches out week by week for writers who speak with authority on matters of National and international import. Each number is planned to meet the needs of those who wish the best and most readable presentation of the problems and interests of the hour against the background of a searching understanding of history and literature. This is one of the reasons why The Outlook cannot announce long in advance of publication the names of many of its most eminent contributors.

Sometimes we can tell our readers of a few good things in store for them. Here are a few of the articles awaiting publication:

Immigration and Naturalization
By James J. Davis
Secretary of Labor

Mississippi's Great Fight for Honor and Prosperity
By Frederick W. Jones

Washington at War Over Civil Service
By Newton Fuessle

Glass Bottles and Common Sense
By Sherman Rogers

The Romance of It
By W. B. Maxwell

The God in the Machine
By Elsie Singmaster

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HUMAN NATURE IN DEEP WATER

SOME SUGGESTIONS ON HOW NOT TO GET DROWNED

BY ELON JESSUP

ANY four-legged animal you can name will, if carried to deep water, swim safely to shore, even though it has never been in water before in its life. Yet a highly intelligent able-bodied human being under the same conditions will sometimes completely lose his head and go to the bottom like a stone. Obviously, there are disadvantages to the gift of intelligence when it deserts one in a crisis.

During my summer vacations when I was in college my text-book was human nature. I worked in a large Coney Island bathing pavilion, and from watching masses of bathing-suit-clad humanity from morning to night during four continuous summers I managed to accumulate a rather valuable liberal education upon the functioning of the average mind, arms, and legs in relation to deep water. And when now, years afterward, I stroll on a summer's day along the Hudson and glimpse far from shore a frail canoe in which sits a flapper under a red parasol who is merrily rocking the boat back and forth just to scare the man in the stern, I know then that my education is not yet completed.

Drownings to-day are not nearly so numerous as they were a few years ago, a condition for which valuable organizations such as the American Red Cross Life Saving Corps and the United States Volunteer Life Saving Corps are largely responsible. But drownings do continue, and this is a crying pity, for almost all drownings are preventable. And they will continue until bathers and those who ride on the water learn how to take care of themselves in the water.

A cross-section of the crowds which I used to view on the Coney Island beach might serve as an interesting psychological study in human emotions, and it would certainly indicate clearly some of the reasons why people get drowned. It would show an amazingly large percentage of people who could not swim and quite a bit of foolhardy recklessness on the part of those who could. It would show varying degrees of human fear, courage, panic, confidence, over-confidence and under-confidence. But the person who could be counted on always to use his wits and know exactly what to do in a crisis would, I am afraid, be in the minority.

Knowing how to swim is of course the most obvious safeguard against getting drowned, and it is one with which every person who goes in or on the water should be fortified. The fact remains that every one will not learn, so we might as well accept conditions as they are and see what can be done. A great deal can be done if a non-swimmer can be impressed with the importance of keeping his head when he is toppled into deep water. The trouble in most cases is that ordinary intelligence and all confidence entirely desert a person.

I know that it is wholly possible for a non-swimmer to keep his head in such a crisis, for I have seen it done more than once. A surprisingly large number of North Woods guides cannot swim a stroke, yet every so often they fall into deep water and manage to get safely out. One time when I was in a canoe with one of these guides we suddenly overturned and his head came to the surface several feet away. He splashed like a porpoise, dog-paddled to the canoe, grabbed hold, and grinned. He vigorously declined all help, we righted the craft and continued on our way. That man could not swim a stroke, but he could act like a four-legged animal and retain the intelligence of a human being.

Not long ago I discussed this subject with Commodore Raynor, of the United States Volunteer Life Saving Corps, and, speaking from the standpoint of the rescuer, he suggested that people in distress in the water are not always in as bad a fix as they think they are, and that in some instances they gain confidence by being left to work out their own salvations without help of the rescuer. The Commodore described as follows one "near" rescue of this sort which he had made:

"I saw this fellow couldn't swim, and he had gone down once by the time I got there. But he came to the surface again, and when he did I noticed he had the good sense to take a deep breath and make a single stroke toward shore. After taking that breath and stroke he sank again, but pretty quick he popped to the surface, as I knew he would. Altogether, he went down about twenty times, each time taking a deep breath and stroke when he came up, and finally he reached shallow water. I kept behind all the time, not once touching him. He was mighty mad at me for not helping him, but I told him he hadn't needed my help.

"There's no truth in the old belief that a person goes down three times and then stays down. This fellow went down twenty times, and so long as he had sense enough to fill his lungs with air every time he came to the surface he could have kept on going down almost indefinitely. Another fellow might go down only once and stay there. There is more truth in another old saying, 'If a drowning person calls for help the first and second time he goes down, he won't need help the third time.' The act of calling for help sends all the air out of his lungs, and that air is what he needs above everything else."

Water tragedies would be far less numerous if persons suddenly faced with the possibility of being drowned would only keep their heads. Yet this term "keep their heads" is somewhat generic. There are a number of different ways of losing one's head in the water, and a drowning person, provided he remains conscious, is likely to use several of these. If he becomes unconscious from the shock, he is in a bad way unless he receives immediate help.

The terror-stricken helpless person who retains consciousness may, as a rule, be counted upon to do exactly what he should not do. He throws his arms into the air above his head, and thereby the laws of buoyancy cease to function and he sinks to the bottom; the mouth and nose haven't much chance to stay above the water unless the arms remain under water. Watch a swimmer float some time, if you wish to see an example of the workings of these laws. He floats easily on his back without any movement so long as his body, arms, and hands are submerged, but if he raises one hand out of the water, sometimes even a little finger out, why, then, his mouth and nose automatically submerge.

If only the arms and legs can be kept properly moving in the water, so that one has an opportunity to recover breath after calling for help, one can keep on calling until help arrives. Any one having the presence of mind to imagine himself either walking upstairs or riding a bicycle can do this, for the action of treading water is the same movement and quite as simple.

This combined action of keeping the nose and mouth above water, the arms moving to and fro under water, and the feet treading water is not swimming. It is merely an emergency method of keeping afloat until help arrives, and to a non-swimmer who understands general underlying principles and who refuses to become terror-stricken it is a wholly natural action. To the person who becomes panic-ridden it is equally unnatural, and that is why he does everything wrong and sinks to the bottom. Some people seem unable to learn how to swim, but almost anybody who uses his head can keep afloat. It has always seemed to me that many swimming instructors in teaching people to swim pay too much attention in the early stages of the game to the perfection of a stroke and not enough to the fundamental principles of merely keeping the nose and mouth above water.

It is not uncommon for a panicky drowning person to struggle with his rescuer. In his crazed reasoning, he sees in the rescuer a life-preserver and may cling with all his might. This

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is an especially disastrous turn for panic to take, for, unless the rescuer knows how to handle the situation, the result may be two drownings. Here, again, you have the opposite of a level head, the uncanny propensity of a terrorized mind to think and do exactly the wrong thing.

It sometimes happens, even when there is a crowd of bathers in the water, that a bather goes out of sight without any one else knowing anything about it. He vanishes without word or struggle, and by the time he begins to be missed it is far too late. During the summers when I worked on the Coney Island beach there occurred several instances of this sort. One instance I recall was that of a good swimmer who obviously had been knocked unconscious by a floating log, and there were good swimmers who had got into tragic difficulties of other sorts. Among the non-swimmers there were a number of drownings which occurred in shallow water, hardly more than waist deep.

Prevention of this particular type of drowning accident may at first thought seem difficult, but in reality it is surprisingly simple. Ever since good swimmers have swum long distances in deep water it has been considered foolhardy under such circumstances to swim alone; but the same general principle applies to both poor swimmers and non-swimmers in shallow water, although only within the past two years has there been any notable acceptance of this principle. The result has been a marked decrease in drowning accidents. The application of this principle of the protection of bathers has come to be known as the "buddy" plan.

Colonel George Holden two years ago suggested the "buddy" plan to Captain Fred Mills, of the American Red Cross Life Saving Corps, and Captain Mills, realizing its value, immediately set to work putting it into general practice. This plan is so amazingly simple that little explanation is required. In brief, it is as follows: Bathers are placed in pairs, according to ability, and made responsible for each other's safety during their stay in the water. Their eyes are constantly upon each other. If one goes ashore, the other must also go ashore; if while in the water one becomes ill, faints, or develops a cramp, the other knows about it immediately and helps or calls for help. Each bather has two people looking after his safety—himself and the other fellow—with the result that in addition to safety there is developed a valuable sense of confidence and responsibility.

The "buddy" plan works especially well in boys' and girls' camps. Captain Mills told me that during the first week it was tried in one boys' camp there were four calls from boys to come to the help of their buddies. This "buddy" plan is of course equally applicable to good swimmers in deep water.

I am impressed by the slight regard with which so many bathers view the ordinary rules of health. I go down to the beach on a summer's day, and I see a man in a bathing suit finish a hearty lunch and then immediately dash down to the waves and plunge madly in, thereby disrupting his digestive system and laying himself open to stomach cramps. Only by waiting for two hours after eating can one enter the water with anything like perfect security.

Some people are more subject to cramps than others, and those who are should keep close to shore and not take unnecessary risks. Stomach cramps are the most dangerous, but not so common as leg and foot cramps. Leg and foot cramps are by no means fatal if a swimmer keeps his head and refuses to become terrorized. Instead of using up his strength, he would do better to turn on his back and rest. In due time help will arrive, or he may even be able to work out the cramp.

A surprisingly large number of good swimmers are drowned every year. Stomach cramps is one cause. Attempting to rescue a panic-ridden drowning person without first having learned how to break the strangle-holds of a drowning person is another cause. Overconfidence, unquestionably, is a frequent cause.

I have been a good swimmer ever since I can remember, yet whenever I enter deep water I feel a constant instinctive sense of being on my guard. I respect the power of water. Deep water, to me, is a goblin which will get me if I don't watch out. This attitude is one of neither over-confidence nor under-confidence. It is merely a happy medium which accepts conditions as they are, and it is, it seems to me, the only sensible attitude. Nor does it by any means interfere with my enjoyment of swimming. I have never been able to understand why it is that so many swimmers can enter deep water with utter disregard for the uncanny power of that jealous element.

Numerous specific reasons for drownings among good swimmers may perhaps be covered by the generic reason "poor judgment." Sometimes this means sole reliance upon one's swimming powers when there are safer ways out of a fix. A good swimmer may overturn in a boat far from shore and then confidently strike out for shore, whereas the far wiser action as a rule is that of clinging to the overturned boat until one is picked up. Or a good swimmer may swim to the rescue of a drowning person without stopping to think that there is a rowboat close by; a boat rescue, when practicable, is always much safer for all concerned than is a swimming rescue.

The weight of clothing is no doubt a frequent contributing factor in the drownings of people suddenly toppled overboard, although this is more true of fresh water than salt water. Shoes are always the most serious handicap, and these must be removed as soon as possible. Clothing has value in that it helps to keep the body warm, so much so that the United States Navy doubts the advisability of taking one's clothing off in salt water. Fresh water, however, is so much less buoyant than salt that the disadvantage of the weight of the wet clothing while swimming overbalances the value of the warmth. It is the opinion of the Red Cross Life Saving Corps that in fresh water there should be no attempt to swim in wet clothing. It should be removed at once. Shoes come off first. It is easier to take a deep breath and submerge while doing this than attempting it with the head above water.

If more swimmers could float, there unquestionably would be fewer drownings. Any good swimmer of course can lie on his back and, by moving his arms and legs slightly, manage to remain in a floating position. But this means an expenditure of effort. By floating I refer to the knack of emulating a log in the water. There is no effort; without moving a muscle you lie in the water with nose and mouth above the surface and rest. There are a great many good swimmers who cannot do this. For some it is physically impossible and they can never learn, but there are others who can learn if they set their minds to it. Not long ago Captain Fred Mills, of the Red Cross, told me:

"From our experience, we find that practically every woman can float and that sixty per cent of all men can float if they are placed in the proper position. The great difficulty in teaching floating has been that the subject is started in a horizontal position instead of a vertical position. The vertical position seems to be the balance-point with a majority of men.

"You can sometimes float with perfect safety, when swimming under the same conditions would be hopeless. In 1918, while on one of a convoy of twenty-two ships in the Gulf Stream, I saw a man rescued after he had been overboard for two hours in one of the worst storms I ever witnessed at sea. If the man had tried to swim, he would have been drowned in a few minutes. Instead, he turned on his back, placed his hands under his head, and floated around easily until he was picked up."

Floating demands a certain amount of natural buoyance, and, as has been indicated, you either have this or haven't it. In one case you can learn to float, and in the other you cannot. And it certainly behooves every swimmer to find out definitely how he stands, one way or the other. A simple test which the Red Cross uses will show him.

This test consists of taking a deep breath, submerging on your stomach, extending arms straight out in front, and pulling the knees up to the chin. A friend can watch and report upon the result. If part of your head or back shows above the water, you have the ability to float face up, but if you sink gradually to the bottom you are lacking in the required amount of natural buoyance and cannot float.

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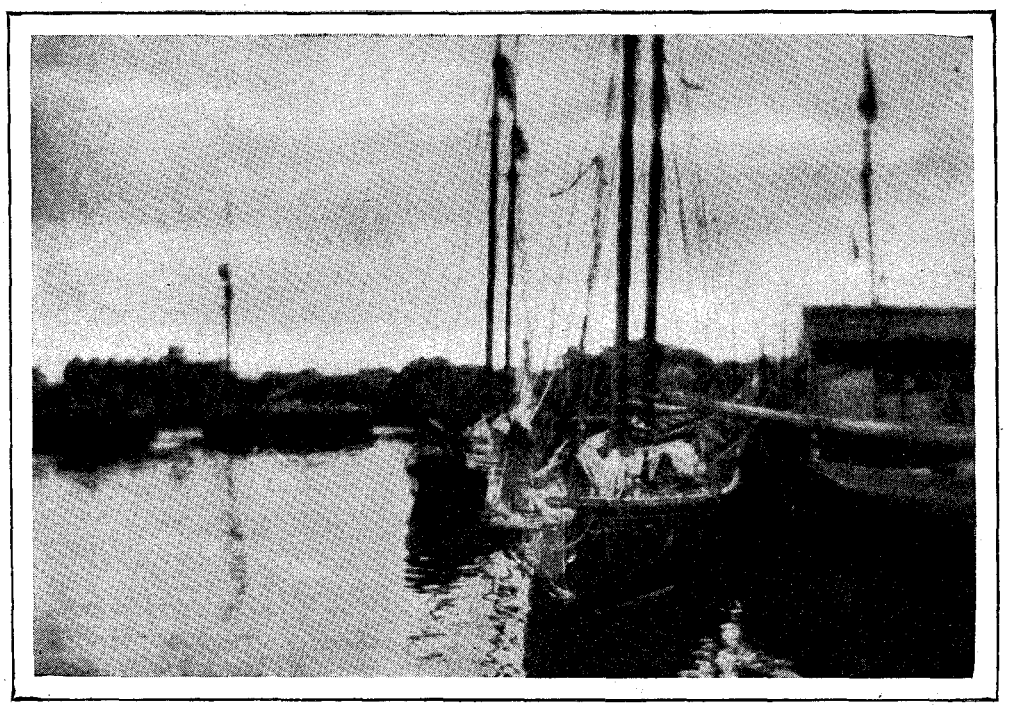

"GLOUCESTER TOWN—WHERE THE FISHING FLEETS PUT IN" PHOTOGRAPH BY H. H. MOORE

GLOUCESTER—OFFSHORE

BY HAROLD T. PULSIFER

HAVE come back to the office from a day in a shipyard—a yard that harbors for the winter a hundred aft or more. There bright mahogany otor yachts are neighbors to trim hite. sloops. Spoon bows and clipper ›ws, straight stems and stems that ıce were straight, vessels whose paint ɔspeaks their perfection and vessels hose paint is, to the careful observer, ıt a transparent attempt to conceal the ıvages of time—there is room for them l as they lie waiting their turn to put › sea. There is room for them all, even ›r the plainly finished sailing vessel ıthin whose black and beamy hull I ake my summer home.

As I sat in her cockpit and watched ɔr decks brighten under the ministra- ons of varnish, as I worked over the ›ls of her running rigging, laying open ıe strands here and there to test for gns of decay, as I watched the clean ıavings fall from the new spar des- ned to replace a badly sprung main- ıff, I lost myself, as I have often done, ı the philosophy of shipyards, of ships, ıd of recreation.

We sometimes talk of recreation as ıough it were a discovery of our own me. The craft that sail the seven seas ıust laugh at such presumption. They ɔt only discovered recreation long ago, ut simultaneously they must have dis- ›vered its real meaning. Most of us ɔor landlubbers think of recreation as synonym for pleasure and amusement. s any ship will tell you, recreation me is a re-creation time—a time to ırvey your timbers, a time to cut out dry rot, a time to test your rigging, a time to overhaul your spars.

The trouble with us mariners of life is that there are very few able seamen among us, men who can tell when a rope is overstrained, men who know straight grain from crooked, men who can tell at a glance sound wood from painted putty. If we were all able seamen, we would know the real meaning of recreation—re-creation not only of our physical selves but also of that intangible reality which has been the despair of philosophers and theologians to define since the days of the first tremulous "why." Whether one be a follower of Berkeley or William James, whether one turn to St. Paul or the precepts of the Friends, whether one looks back to Sinai or forward to a New Jerusalem, the need is always the same. To re-create, we must first survey. We must search out for our own selves the existence of those fundamental principles upon which the structure of faith and society has been reared. The more elemental those principles, the more incontrovertible we will discover them to be and the surer our foundations will stand.

It is hard sometimes to get back to the elemental in the confusion and tumult of our daily lives. The mind exhausts itself in labor (to desert sea comparisons for land) like the field which is continuously and unwisely tilled. A fallow time is needed for re-creation and understanding.

Some find this time of re-creation in the silences of the dark woods, some in the aloofness of great crowds, some beside the eternal march of clear brown waters toward the sea—I find it most surely on the salt waves to which those sweet waters are eternally hurrying.

It was in late August of last year that I set sail from Martha's Vineyard, even before the sun rose out of the Atlantic, for the long run around Cape Cod. Fair winds and fair tides carried me to the end of the Cape by the late afternoon. We rounded the tip and laid our course for Gloucester, forty miles, if I remember rightly, across the mouth of Massachusetts Bay. While the sun was still above the horizon, I went below and brought up a poem which has moved many who have never even felt the breath of salt air in their lungs—William Vaughn Moody's "Gloucester Moors." It was towards

> Gloucester town
> Where the fishing fleets put in

that our course was laid—Gloucester town from whose boulder-strewn hillsides generations of my name had eked a living and from whose harbor men of my blood had set out to farm the sea and bear its fruit in triumph to the forbidding shores of Cape Ann.

The breeze freshened and the seas from the bay lent an added force to Moody's unforgetable comparison:

> This earth is not the steadfast place
> We landsmen build upon;
> From deep to deep she varies pace,
> And while she comes is gone.
> Beneath my feet I feel
> Her smooth bulk heave and dip;
> With velvet plunge and soft upreel

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She swings and steadies to her keel
Like a gallant, gallant ship.

SUDDENLY the light faded, and as I sat with my back to the main hatchway I noticed that the sailing master at the wheel was watching the western sky with an awakened keenness. I turned to see that the sun had disappeared in a bank of clouds, and that along the horizon gray fingers of fog were reaching out over the water.

"Looks like a bad night to make a landfall," said my sailing master. "I doubt if we can pick up Thacher's Island light."

When dusk had fallen, I went aft and took the wheel and the sailing master went forward to trim and put up the lights. When they were made fast, he stood at the fore shrouds for a while. I could not see his face, but I knew that his seaman's eyes were watching the narrowing horizon with the keenness of a soldier awaiting an expected attack.

Overhead and to the east the stars now shone clearly, but to the west there was a veil that hid them from our view. Gradually the veil grew, blotting out the heavens, star by star. There was the damp smell of fog in the air and then its breath upon our cheeks. At last the heavens vanished and the blackness closed around.

"We must be ten or fifteen miles offshore," I said, "and we will never pick up Thacher's to-night. What do you say to shortening sail, laying an easterly course which will clear all the shoals and ledges, and then head in for Portland in the morning?"

"I was just about to suggest the same thing," said the sailing master, and he disappeared forward to carry out our plan. We had already put on our oilskins, for the fog was almost a drizzling rain. In the light of the binnacle I plotted our course, and when the sailing master had finished with his labor we were ready to bear off and set out for the open sea.

With the wind now abaft the beam, we took turns in breaking the silence of the night with three blasts upon the raucous horn which sailing vessels must carry to give warning in a fog. We speak of lights which make the darkness visible; a fog horn at sea makes the silence audible.

Our world had narrowed to a little circle of yellow light from the binnacle. Overhead the mainsail melted into the night. The sky hung a hand's breadth over our heads. To port and to starboard there was a dark suggestion of advancing and retreating waters. In the center of this hemisphere of mystery we sat in our yellow garments and listened for what the sea gods had in store.

There is no isolation like the isolation of a foggy night in a small boat on the open sea. The remote world of men and women seems like a half-remembered dream. What does it matter if out of such darkness we pass into that darkness which we cannot hope to comprehend? What does it matter if fate answers for us Hamlet's age-old questioning, "To be or not to be?" What are books, lives, hopes, fears, even love, to the inexorable darkness in which we move and have our being?

But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,
What harbor town for thee?
What shapes, when thy arriving tolls,
Shall crowd the banks to see?

Out of the night came a voice from that ship-world like an echo to our own plaintive horn:

"Whroo! Hoo! Hoo!"

We blew our three blasts and waited for the answer. The fog plays tricks with sound and it is hard to know whence it comes. Some ways to port the signal was repeated a little louder and a little nearer.

"Must be a tow out of Portsmouth," said my sailing master, "going to wester'd. Sounds like Cap'n Ferguson's tug Gladiator. He went east while we were in the Sound. He's about due to start back now."

"Whroo! Hoo! Hoo!"

This time the sound seemed to be a little abaft the beam on the port side, and closer, much closer. Philosophizings vanished at the approach of the menacing sound. I blew our horn and peered with nerves aquiver into the night.

"Whroo! Hoo! Hoo!"

The blasts fell upon our ears like the voice of the trump of doom. There was the sound of rushing waters close astern, and then directly under our counter, it seemed, the fateful blast again. We peered astern, but there was no sign. Conscious of a presence on the waters, we waited. The next signal came to starboard and less strongly. A few yards had separated us from disaster on the prow of one of the ships which pass in the night.

When even the sound of the signals had vanished, I knew that I, an atom in the vast outbound ship of souls, had found surely the answer to Hamlet's questioning—the answer which myriads of mankind had found before me. The fog-born doubt of the necessity of living was blown out of my brain as the fog itself was destined to vanish with the rising sun.

MORNING does not break after a foggy night at sea. The circle of visual perception imperceptibly widens—that is all. The sails loom more grayly, the binnacle light seems dimmer, the waves turn from velvet black to slaty green.

Overhead, with the coming of the day, the fog thinned and from an impenetrable wall changed into towering opalescent clouds. The blue sky broke through and then the fog rose from the water until our world became again a great ring bound by the sky and the sea. Only now and then did a mountain barrier of mist bar our path over the waters, threatening to engulf us as we headed in for the land. Sometimes we sailed into these mountain barriers and out into sunlight on the other side. Sometimes they lifted in a gigantic arch of impalpable mist through which we passed like magicians triumphing i sorcery over natural powers.

We had gone far to sea in the nigh for there is more safety in open wate than in narrower channels where tid and rocks compete for the mastery man. So it was many hours before t far blue coast-line lifted from the ho zon.

Scattering wide or blown in ranks,
Yellow and white and brown,
Boats and boats from the fishing banks
Come home to Gloucester town.
There is cash to purse and spend,
There are wives to be embraced,
Hearts to borrow and hearts to lend,
And hearts to take and keep to the end,—
O little sails, make haste!

In that moment there was an answ to a doubt which even the night h not dispelled. To be? To be is n enough. The mystery of wild geraniu and scarlet tanager; the stout hearts which Cape Ann has given birth; t scattered fleets from Gloucester tow must have some other answer than t command "to be." Homes and ships

And hearts to take and keep to the end,—

come only from the call "create!"

Be and create. The mystery of tho words, unspoken sometimes, but alway felt and inwardly understood, has turn the barren hillsides of Cape Ann in farm lands and the dwelling-places man; it has carved the trunks of tre and set them afloat on the rivers of t world; it has changed those crude cra into lofty ships with a beauty which close to tears; it has torn iron from t earth and bent it to our will. It h lifted the very water out of the sea an forced it to carry our vessels to f lands.

On the face of the dangerous blue
The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,
But on, but on does the old earth steer
As if her port she knew.

God, dear God! does she know her port,
Though she goes so far about?
Or blind astray, does she make her sport
To brazen and chance it out?

We know the port for which she sail though the strange seas through whic she passes are to us all, at times, a b wilderment and a despair. On the wa to the mysterious beauty which it is i us to create there lie many danger ahead and many rocks behind. Ther have been false makers of charts an treacherous captains enough. Ther will be false makers of charts an treacherous captains until the end of th voyage. But whether we live below th "battened hatch" or our hands are o the wheel, there are stars in the heave whereby our courses may be laid. Mak if you will, a thousand sects and a thou sand philosophies, there are some thing that we know, as we know that w breathe.

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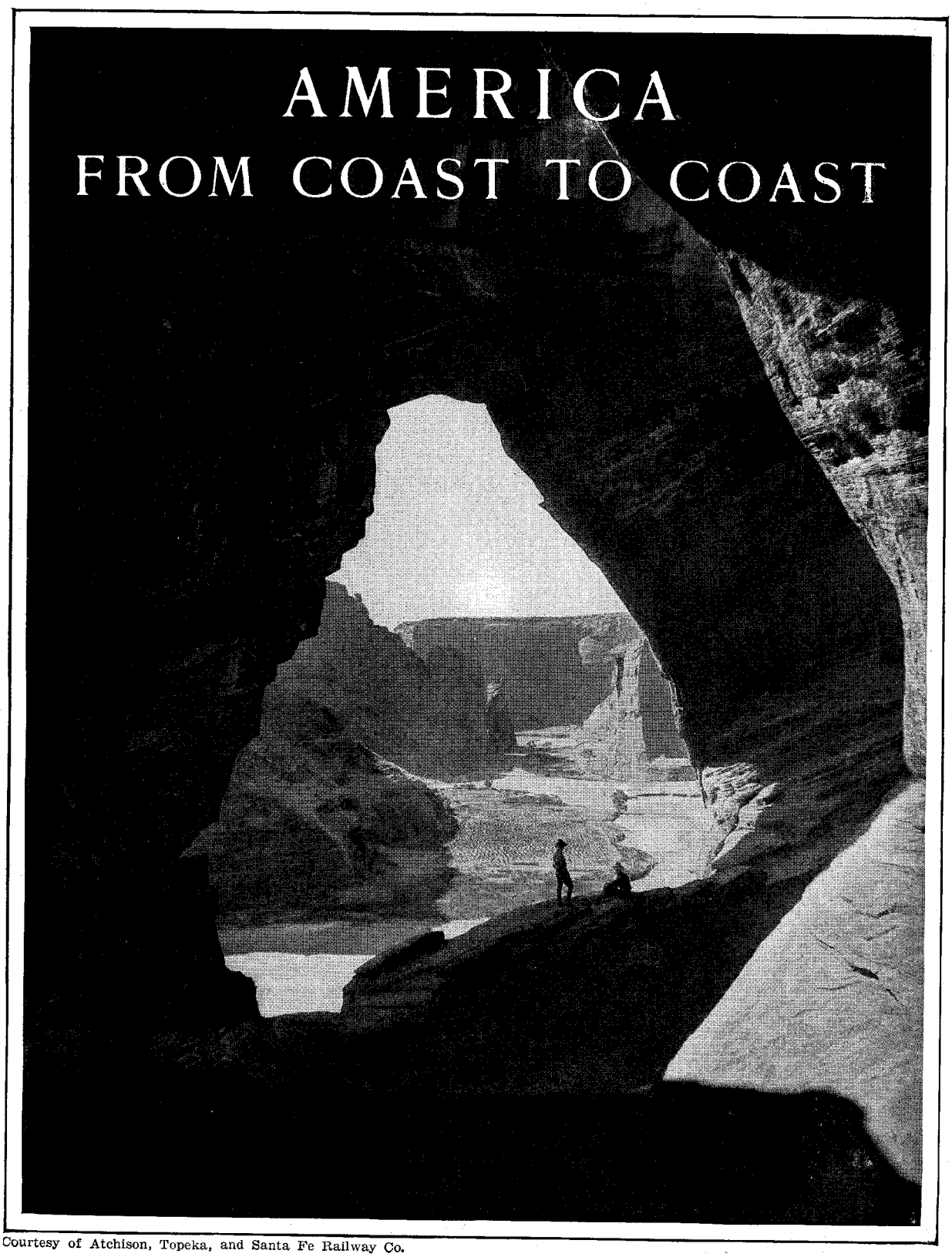

Courtesy of Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway Co.

ARCH IN ROCK-CANYON DE CHELLY, NAVAJO INDIAN RESERVATION, ARIZONA

A WESTERN WINDOW CARVED FROM LIVING ROCK

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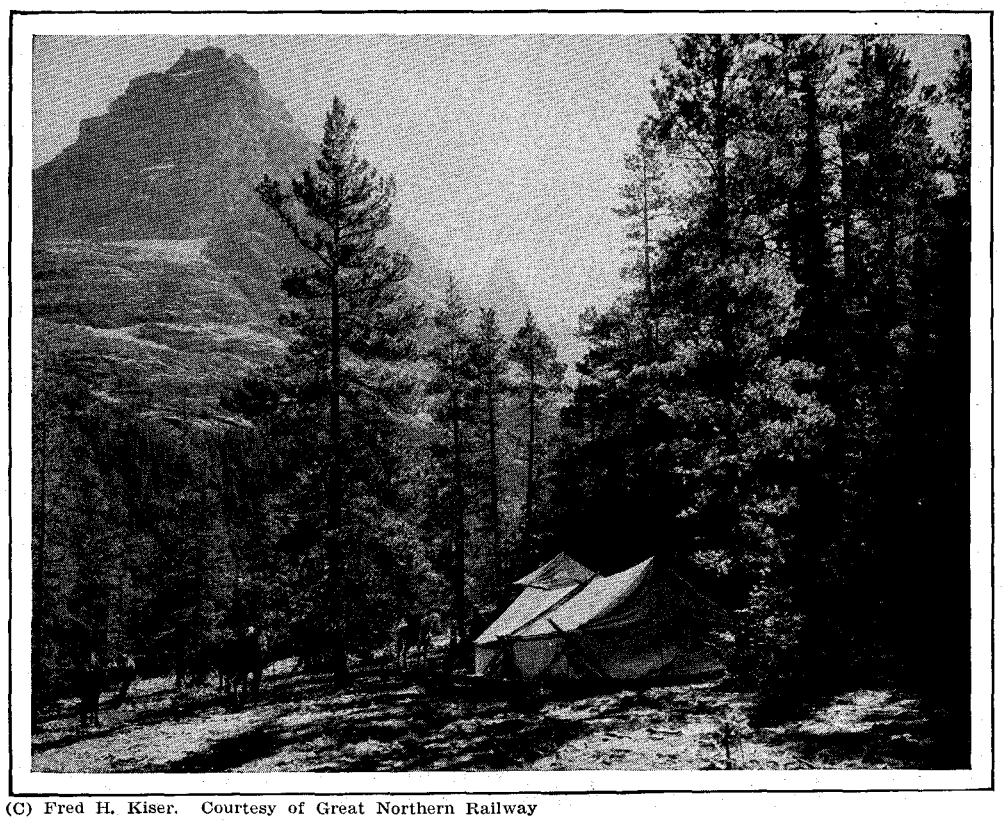

(C) Fred H. Kiser. Courtesy of Great Northern Railway

CAMP NEAR MOUNT MERRITT, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

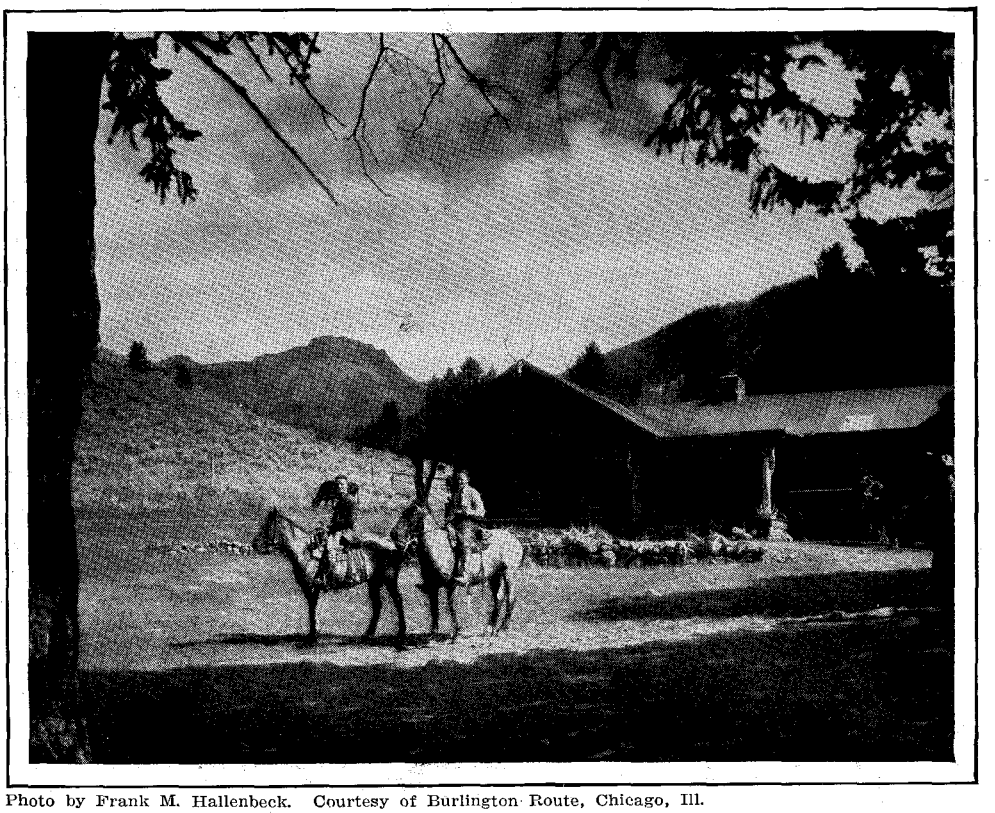

Photo by Frank M. Hallenbeck. Courtesy of Burlington Route, Chicago, Ill.

HOLM LODGE, ONE OF THE FAVORITE MOUNTAIN LODGES OF THE WEST—CODY ROAD TO YELLOWSTONE PARK

TWO LITTLE PLAY HOMES IN THE WEST

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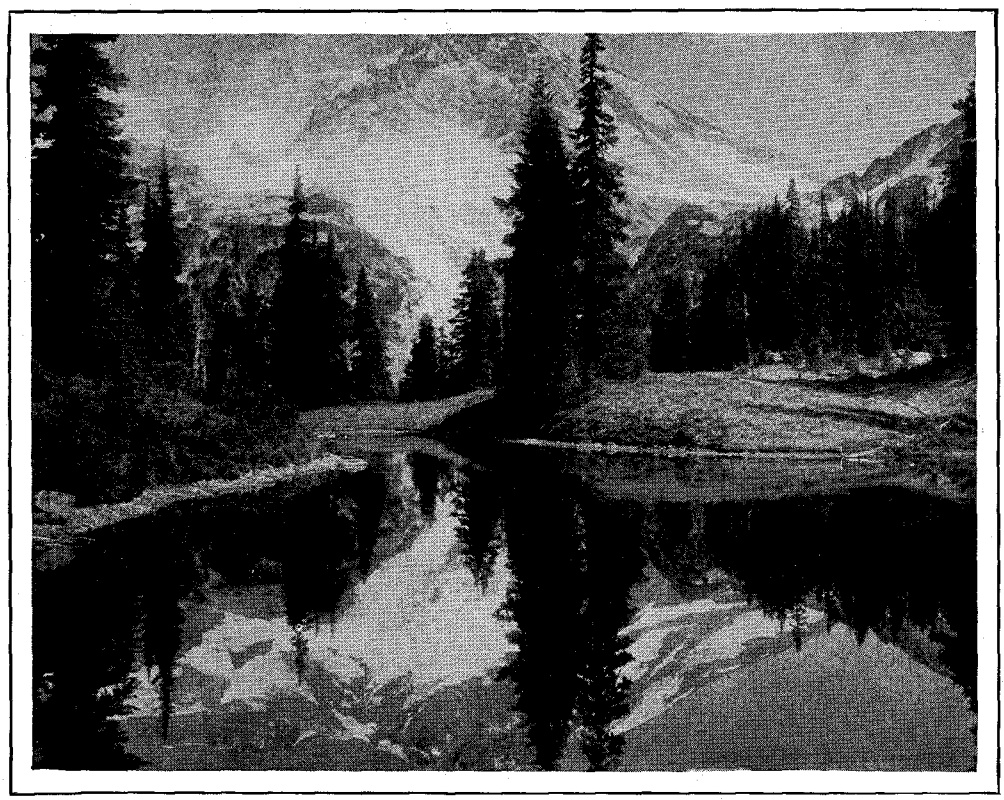
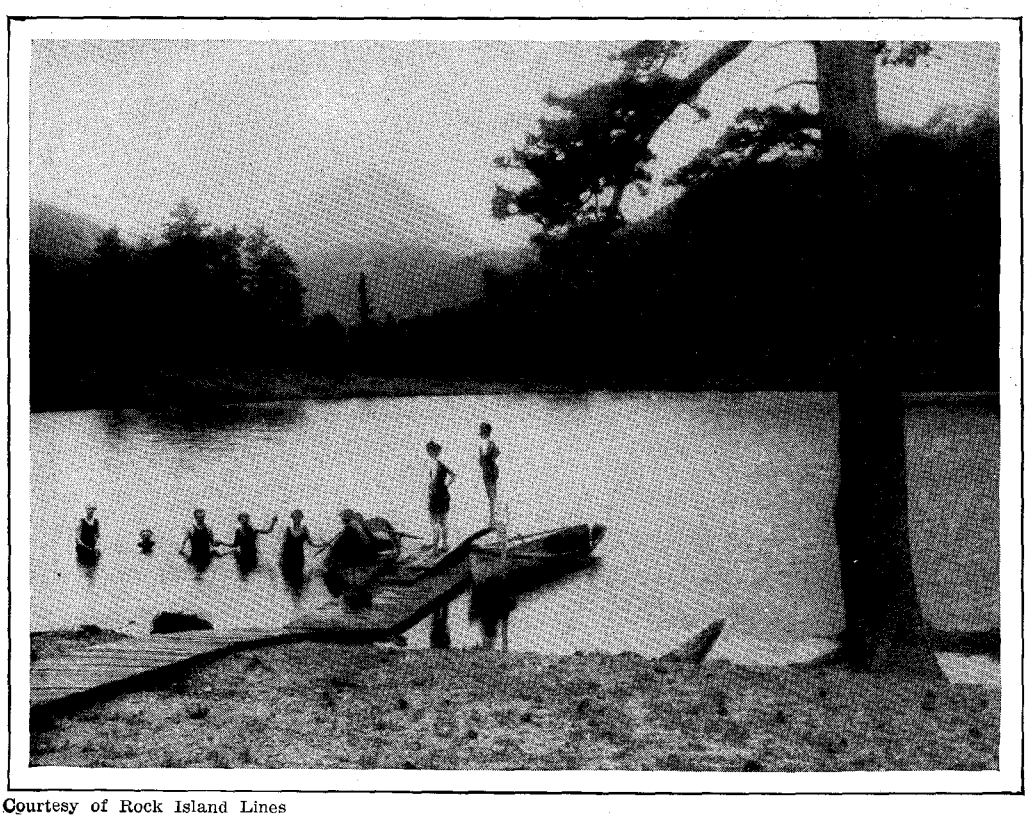


Courtesy of Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway

MIRROR LAKE IN WASHINGTON, WITH MOUNT RAINIER IN THE BACKGROUND



Courtesy of Rock Island Lines

ROCKY MOUNTAIN BATHTUB, COPELAND LAKE

FRIENDLY LAKES AND PINES

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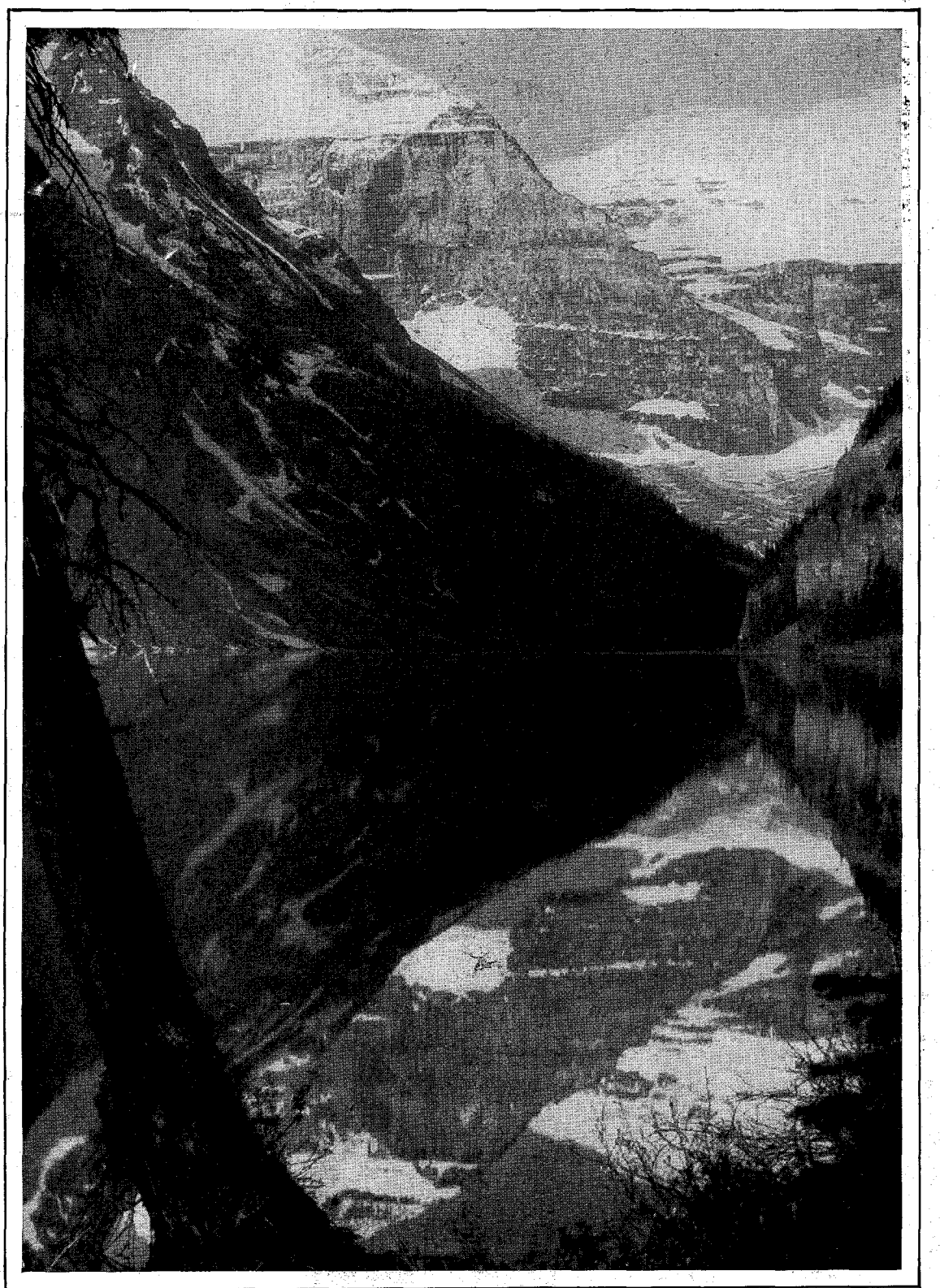

Courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway

AFTERNOON REFLECTIONS OF MOUNT VICTORIA AND MOUNT LEFROY IN LAKE LOUISE

WHERE LOFTY MOUNTAINS
IN THE SLEEPING

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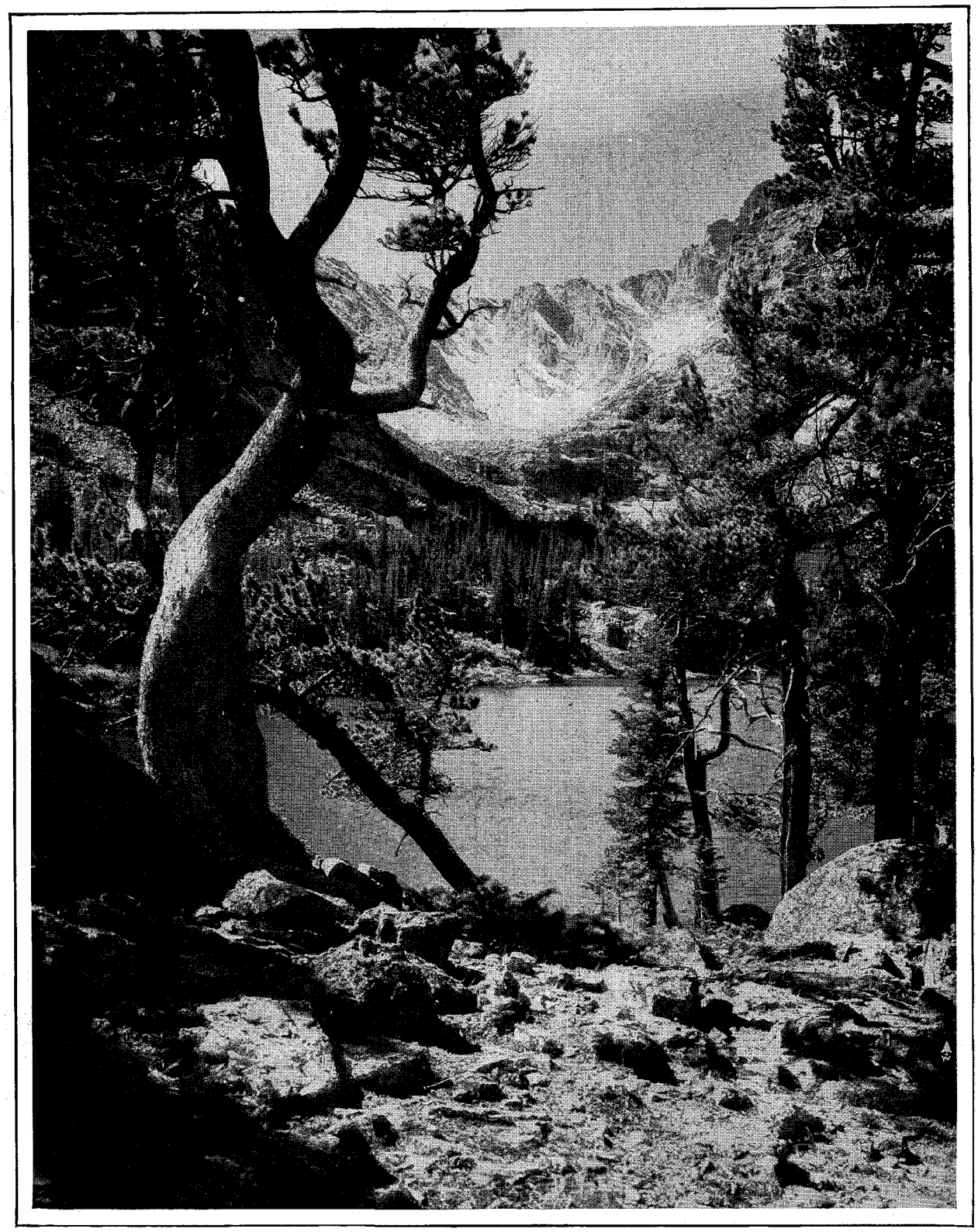

Courtesy of Union Pacific System

LOOKING ACROSS ONE OF THE LAKES OF LOCH VALE TOWARD THE HEIGHTS OF TAYLOR GLACIER, ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK, COLORADO

MIRROR THEIR WHITE TOWERS
WATERS OF BLUE LAKES

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Photo by U. S. Forest Service

CHANNEL ON LAKE INSULA, SUPERIOR NATIONAL FOREST, MINNESOTA

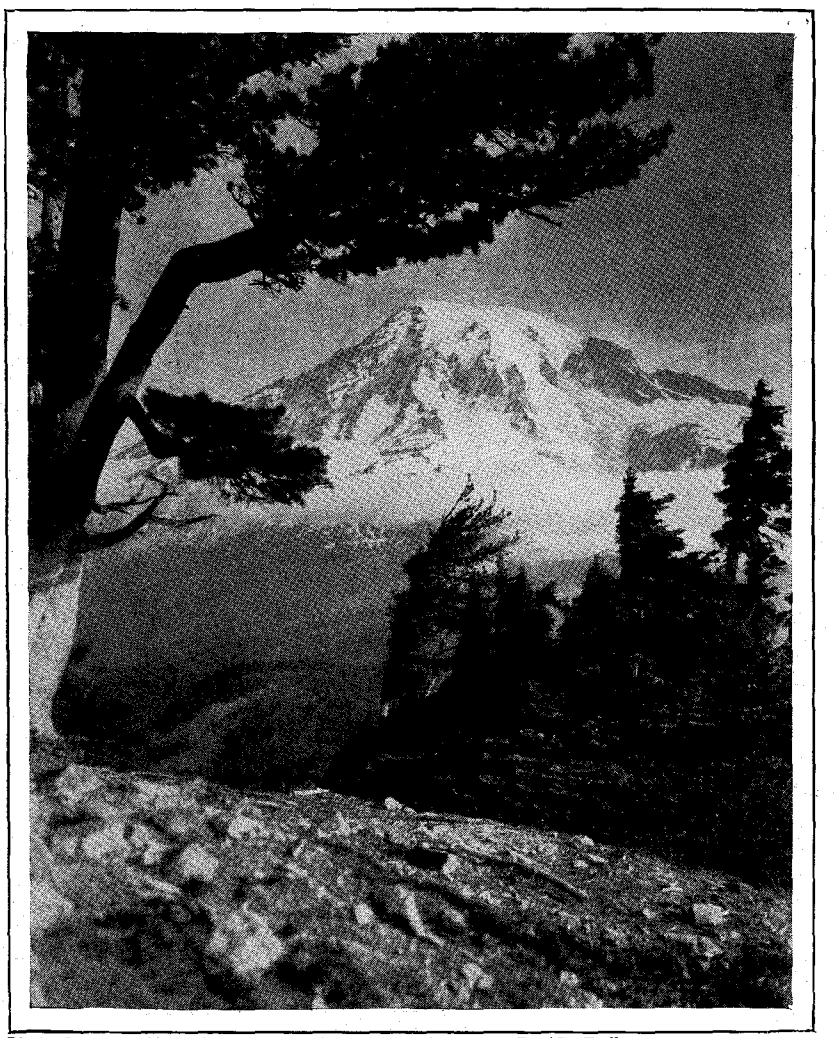

Photo by Asahel Curtis, Seattle. Courtesy of Northern Pacific Railway

MOUNT RAINIER FROM THE SLOPES OF PINNACLE PEAK IN THE TATOOSH RANGE

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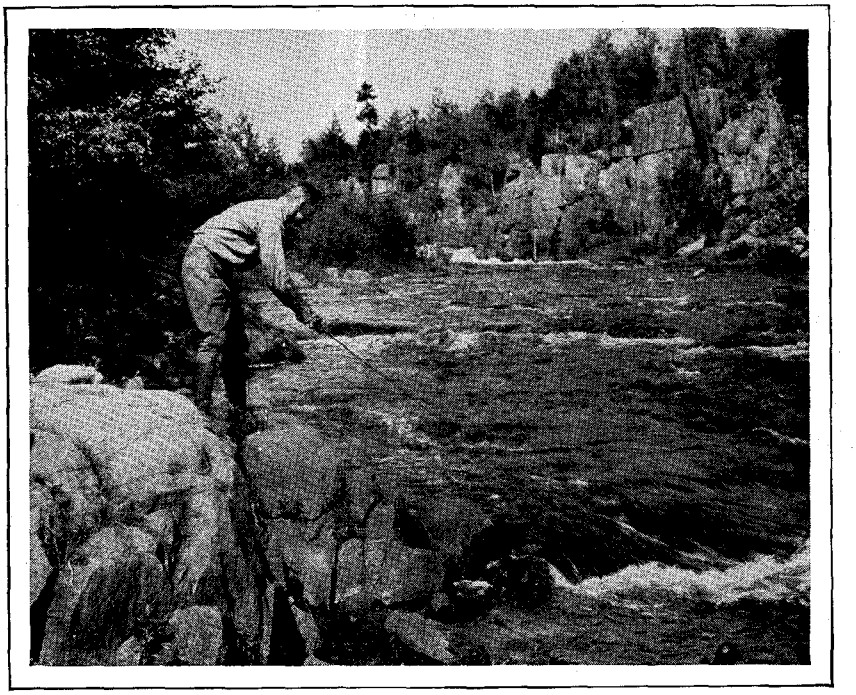

Courtesy of Chicago and North Western Railway

A NORTHERN WISCONSIN TROUT STREAM

Courtesy of Boston and Maine Railroad

PULPIT ROCK, NAHANT, MASSACHUSETTS

SWEET WATERS AND SALT

TO THE CASCADING ATLANTIC—
FROM COAST TO COAST

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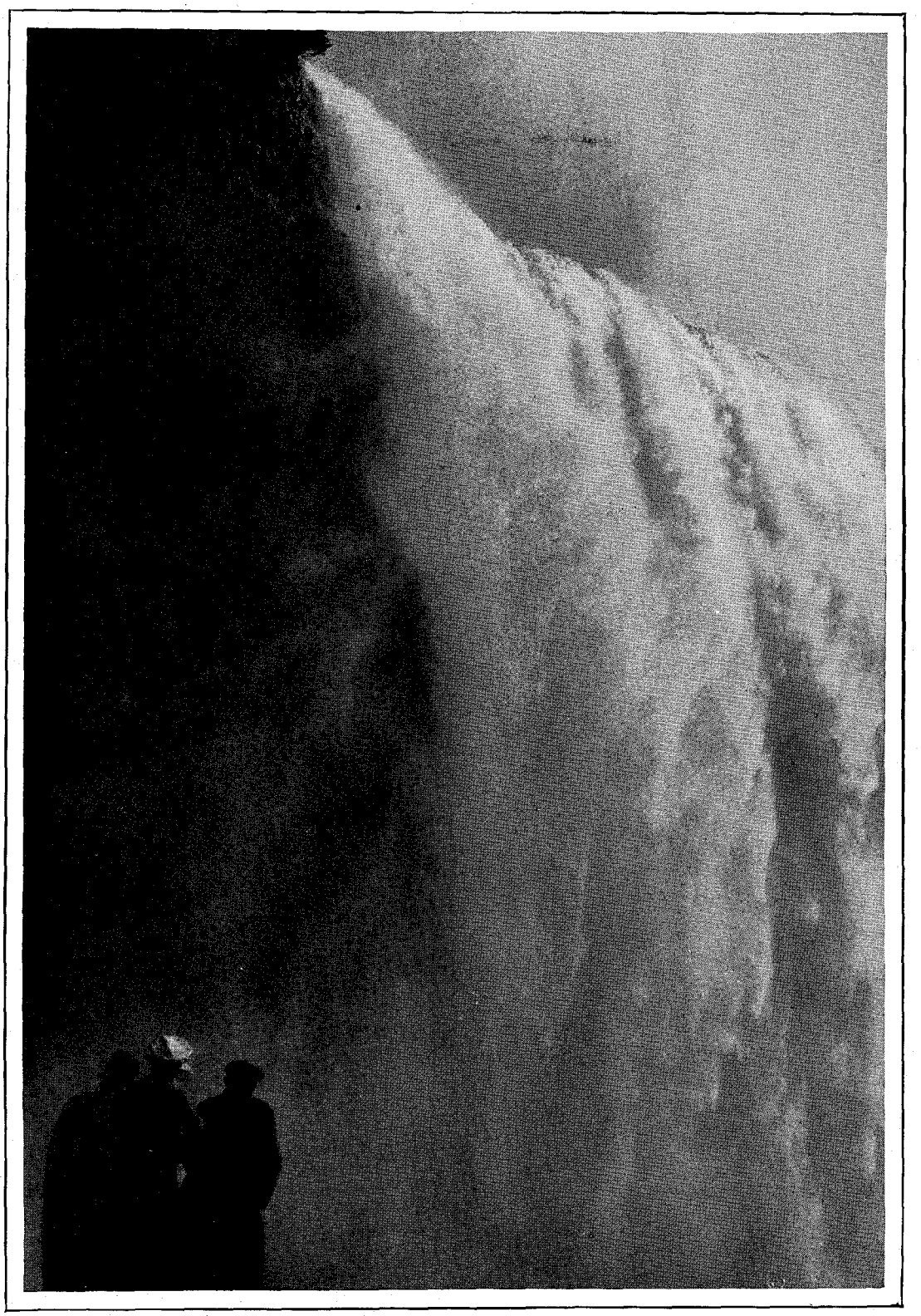

(C) Photo by Edwin Levick. Courtesy of New York Central Railroad

NIAGARA FALLS

THE MOST FAMILIAR WONDER IN AMERICA'S SCENIC GALLERY

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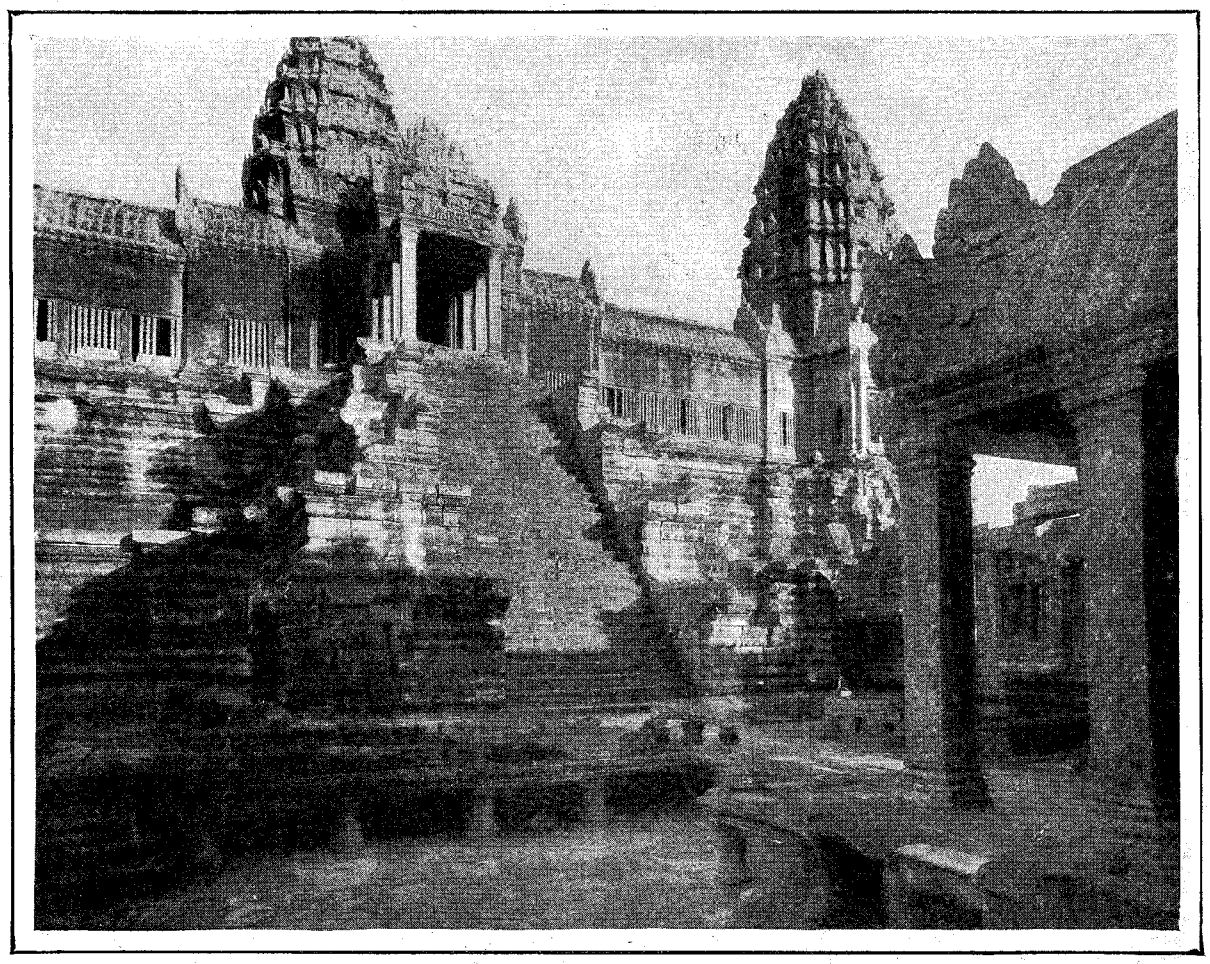

ANGKOR VAT, ONE OF THE MIGHTIEST STRUCTURES EVER BUILT UPON THE EARTH

NEW PÉLERINS D'ANGKOR

BY LOUIS V. LEDOUX

"*. . . des vrais cochons; Nom de Dieu!*" THAT is the end of what our Breton captain said about his deck passengers—Chinese, Annamite, Cambodian—before we left the harbor of Saigon on what appeared to be a wild attempt to reach, in the off season, those mighty ruins of Angkor—four hundred miles to the north—which lay lost through the centuries in the forests of Siam and have been taken over recently by the French. There were four in our party—"*des Américains vraiment fous*," as we happened to overhear; and our troubles had commenced some days earlier when we had been careless enough to arrive in the torrid capital of Cochin-China at an hour when the Chinese *concierge* of the hotel was taking his siesta and left us, by consequence, to land with our baggage in the midst of a mob of natives in loin cloths who were fluent enough in their own language and totally ignorant of any other.

But when at last the *concierge* arose, rotund and smiling, from his slumbers to tell us that the service to Angkor had been suddenly suspended three days before and would not be resumed until after the next season's rains, gloom enwrapped us. We decided, *faute de mieux*, to push on as far as Phnom-Penh, the capital of Cambodia, which could be reached easily by steamer up the lower Mekhong, and make further inquiries there.

The next day was passed in a fruitless quest for further information, but in the evening we were delighted to learn that a friend of the hotel proprietor's could arrange to have us motored from Phnom-Penh to the village of Kompong-Luong des Lacs, from which we could make in seven hours a diagonal of seventy-five miles across the end of the great lake in a Government motor boat which could be rented for us.

On the following evening the steamer of the Breton captain was scheduled to leave for Phnom-Penh at nine, and while the men of our party were seeing off the baggage and the two ladies finishing their after-dinner chicory, the proprietor led up to our table a Frenchwoman whom we will call for the sake of brevity simply "Madame," and explained that the lady was another particular friend of his who, having lived in Saigon for fifteen years without ever visiting Angkor, had decided to take this excellent opportunity and come with us. There was no help for it and she came.

That evening on the boat while our ladies were getting ready for bed my friend and I sat out on deck in our pajamas, while Madame, who would have been a model for Rubens, undressed in candle-light with her door open, and then paraded about us, as she did again the next morning, in transparent scarlet chiffon and curl-papers. Finally it came our turn to go to bed, but none of the four could sleep until Madame, on the other side of a thin partition, had finished explaining exhaustively to her colonial compatriots that all Americans were mad, anyway, and that she had decided to come with us only so as to spite her husband—facts that we were interested to learn.

THE tropical sunrise woke us when the Southern Cross had scarcely faded in the sky, and all that day we were going up the great river, sometimes far out in the stream and sometimes, in spite of the low water, so close to shore that we could see clearly the many-colored birds, the strange foliage, and the quaint houses. The sunset was golden behind great palm trees, and when we woke again we were at Phnom-Penh with proprietor's friend number

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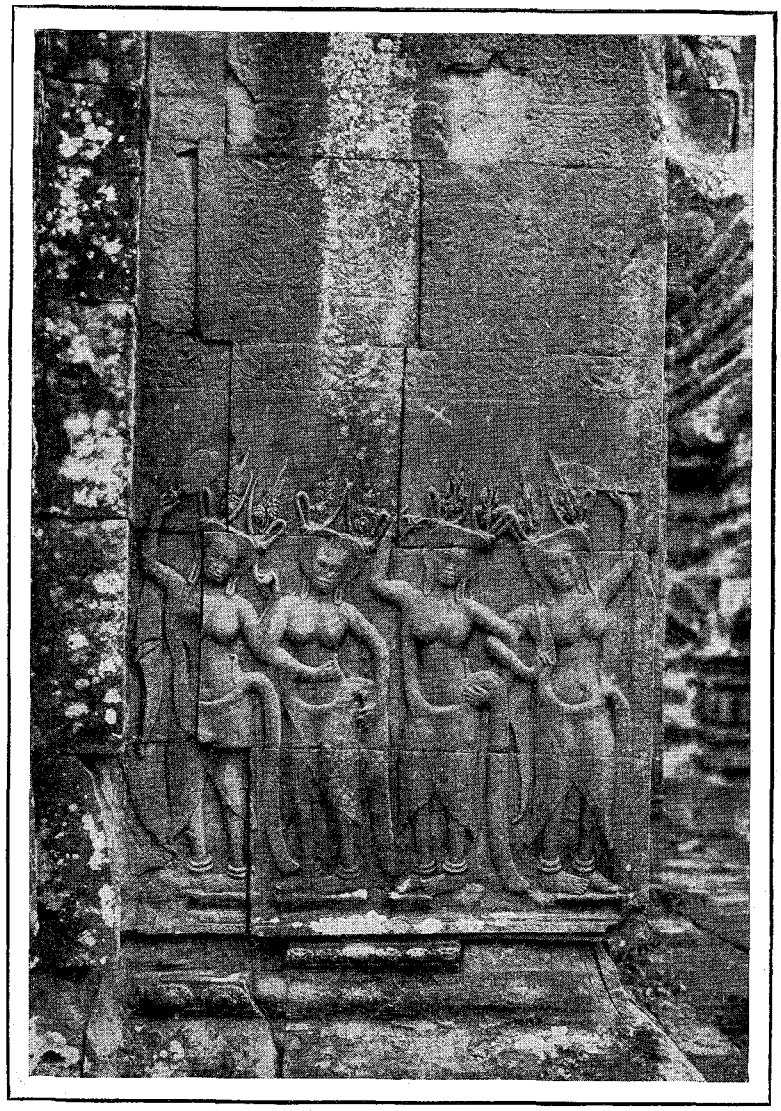

THE GRAVEN RECORD OF AN ANCIENT DANCE

one waiting to meet us and number two at our side.

On the following morning before there was pink in the east we started down the straight, French road with one headlight working, the Cambodian chauffeur, who spoke no French, driving as if the devil were after him and the Cambodian *mécanicien* holding the machine together with both hands and one foot. When the sun rose, the road stretched straight ahead of us through jungle, fields, and swamp. We sped on until 10:30, when we reached a few desolate fishermen's huts, where we transferred to *sampans*, the Sisophon, the *chaloupe* which was to take us across the lake, being unable to come in to shore.

We sailed out into the great lake, without a compass, but guided, I suppose, by the occasional stretches of submerged forest which showed on the horizon and, for a while, by distant hills; and, trusting in Providence, we came well before sunset within reach of the opposite shore.

Then we transferred to a *sampan* propelled by larger people than those we had seen farther south. The faces were kindly and the dark muscular bodies like moving bronze. The costume consisted of a cotton cloth draped like a skirt which hung from the waist to the knee and was gathered in a knot in front. The barbaric designs in these cotton cloths we greatly admired as fine examples of native workmanship until, on closer examination, we discovered the printed words "Made in Manchester."

At the landing, just at sunset, we found a motor truck to take us the final twenty miles to Angkor.

Of all the picturesque things we had seen until then there was nothing that approached that ride in picturesqueness. The road was a sort of dike through the swamps, bordered with huge trees of a kind we had not observed before, whose smooth trunks rose straight and gigantic into the darkness like the trees of California.

We knew that the little French bungalow in which we passed the night faced Angkor-Vat, the great temple which is the best preserved of all the ruins and one of the mightiest, most elaborate structures ever built upon the earth; and the following morning, when the first light was coming into the east and Madame was quieted in sleep, the other six of us went out to the terrace to see the sun rise behind those strange, titanic towers left desolate ages ago by a people vanished from the earth.

BEFORE us was a great moat filled with nenuphars and purple water hyacinths; across that stretched a causeway of huge gray slabs of stone with parapets shaped like colossal cobras rearing massive hoods on each of which were sculptured seven heads, this peculiar form of decoration being called, after the Hindu snake god, a "Naga." Beyond the causeway and the moat were gray, interminable galleries, the side toward us upheld by columns, and the other side, as we knew, bearing on every inch the sculptured records of old wars. Back of the gallery, their bases hidden by it, rose the towers of the far-off inner temple, huge masses of stone built into a shape unknown elsewhere, I believe, and possibly phallic in origin. Beside us and behind us stretched interminable forests filled with birds.

We lingered long on the terrace, robed

ANGKOR VAT, SOUTHERN SIDE

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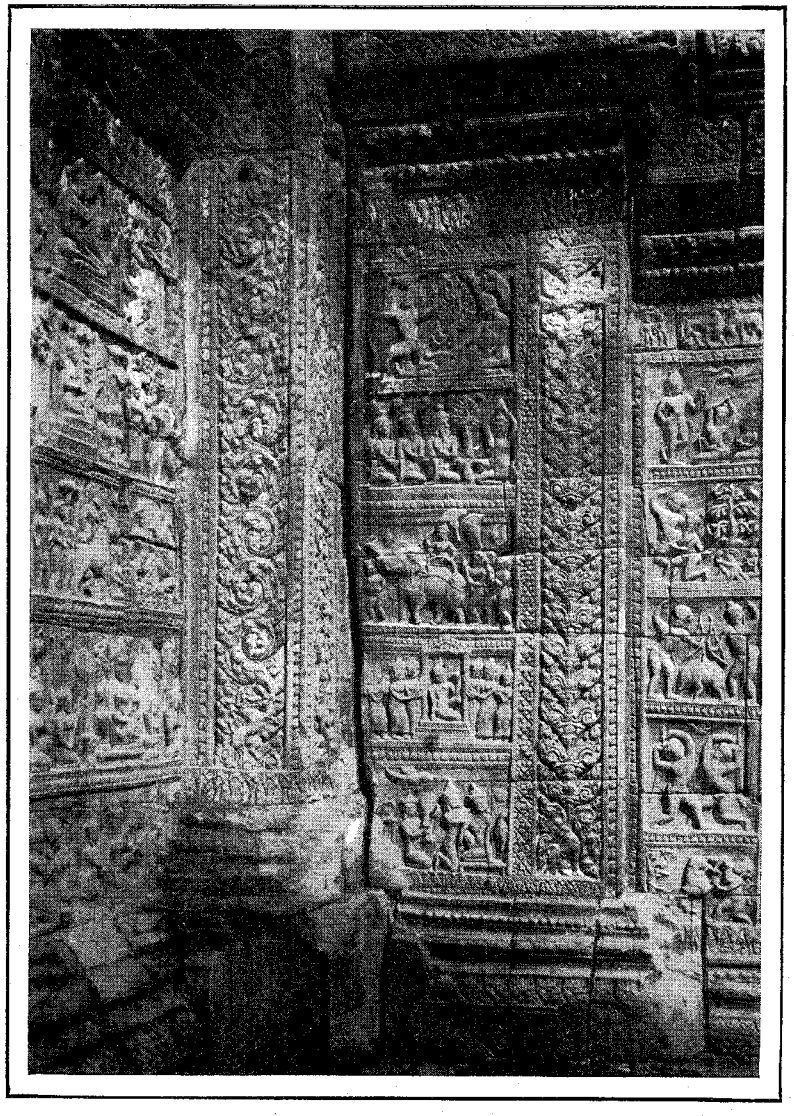
in our dressing-gowns and pajamas, and when we finally came to breakfast Madame had wandered off alone to see the sights.

As for us, we went down the great causeway, up a brief flight of stone steps, and through the portico of the sculptured gallery, to see stretching ahead of us, far and gray, another massive causeway twice the length of the first. At the farther end rose another flight of stone steps twice the height, and beyond that the central courtyard, flanked with four great towers, in the midst of which rose a third steep flight double the height of the second and leading to what was the inner sanctuary immediately under the fifth and greatest of the towers.

Once every foot of that mountain of stone which is Angkor-Vat had been covered with carving—innumerable Apsâras, sculptured stories from the Ramayana; Vishnu, Shiva, with the other gods of the Brahman Pantheon, and around them all delicate traceries of intricate, ever-varying design, panels that suggested now the French Renaissance, now the Alhambra, and now the patterns of Chinese or Indian craftsmen. Once in the inner sanctuary sat Brahma himself enthroned, looking out across the forest to that lost city of Angkor-Thom, which could easily have held within its walls the Rome of Nero. Then came Buddhism—slow, insinuating, making converts, if the theories of archæologists are correct, of the million slaves who served the Khmer lords; then (who knows when?) a sudden rebellion—the Buddhist slaves against the Brahman masters—an orgy of willful destruction, the placing of Buddhist images in the shrines, a period of swift decay during which a Chinese traveler came to see the golden lotos of Gautama surmounting the great gray towers of the harsher cult, and to leave the only known record of what Angkor was. After that the forests reclaimed their own; a few Buddhist monks lingered on in Angkor-Vat through the generations, keeping that in somewhat better preservation than the fallen palaces and the other temples, where great trees pushed upward and outward through the masonry and rose sometimes with their billowing green from the very tops of the towers.

In 1907 the French took it from Siam, and since then, with the perfect genius of their race, trees have been taken down in sections, inch by inch, fallen stones have been placed upright again, the forest has been pushed back from Angkor-Vat, and now slowly, week by week, the other monuments of that great vanished empire are being discovered and re-established; the swift destruction caused by man and the slow destruction of the centuries being overcome by imagination and patient labor.

All that afternoon and the following morning M. Goloubew, one of the archæologists in charge, went with us, showing us the extraordinary temple of Bayon, where the enormous heads of



A STRANGE SUGGESTION OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE APPEARS IN THIS PANEL FOUND IN THE HEART OF AN EASTERN JUNGLE

Brahma, with their strange smile, have been so massive as to survive all attempts at destruction, the work that had been done in recent years; and, most fascinating of all, leading us out to places that were just being uncovered, where the ground was literally strewn with fragments of old bronze and pottery, and where just before he had picked up in the grasses an undamaged bronze figurine. All of us would have been ready to enlist under him with picks and shovels; for we walked among fallen statues only half buried and knew what a treasure was beneath our feet. In fact, M. Goloubew would be an ideal person under whom to work, for his imagination had recreated and could picture for us the vanished life as Flaubert did that of Carthage, and he is, besides, a trained archæologist who once served his apprenticeship in the caves of Ajanta and is familiar with life in the jungle.

But how describe Ta Prom? Most of the roofs were gone; gigantic trees shot up among the statues and the carved columns, stretching huge octopus roots over fallen gods and tumbled colonnades; whole pillars, even whole doorways and bulks of masonry, would sometimes be surrounded and held upright by one of these strange, banyan-like trees, the native name for which is *spong*. Parts of Ta Prom are erect in their old positions with the arabesques of their pillars unspoiled, the Apsâras and snake goddesses still in their places; other parts are a mass of fallen monoliths under which panthers lurk through the daytime, and over all are the great smooth-trunked trees filled with innumerable birds of brilliant plumage, and large, long-tailed monkeys making incredible leaps among the branches.

Pompeii is small and unimpressive compared with Angkor, and farther in the jungle are oases of romance to some of which we went by bullock-cart and elephant—places of utter ruin that cannot be described here.

One thing, however, I must attempt to describe. We had heard that the *indigènes* had curious traditional dances, and an evening at the native theater in Phnom-Penh having increased our interest, we summoned the Elder of the village, a person of apparently fabulous age, who knew the old words and mo-

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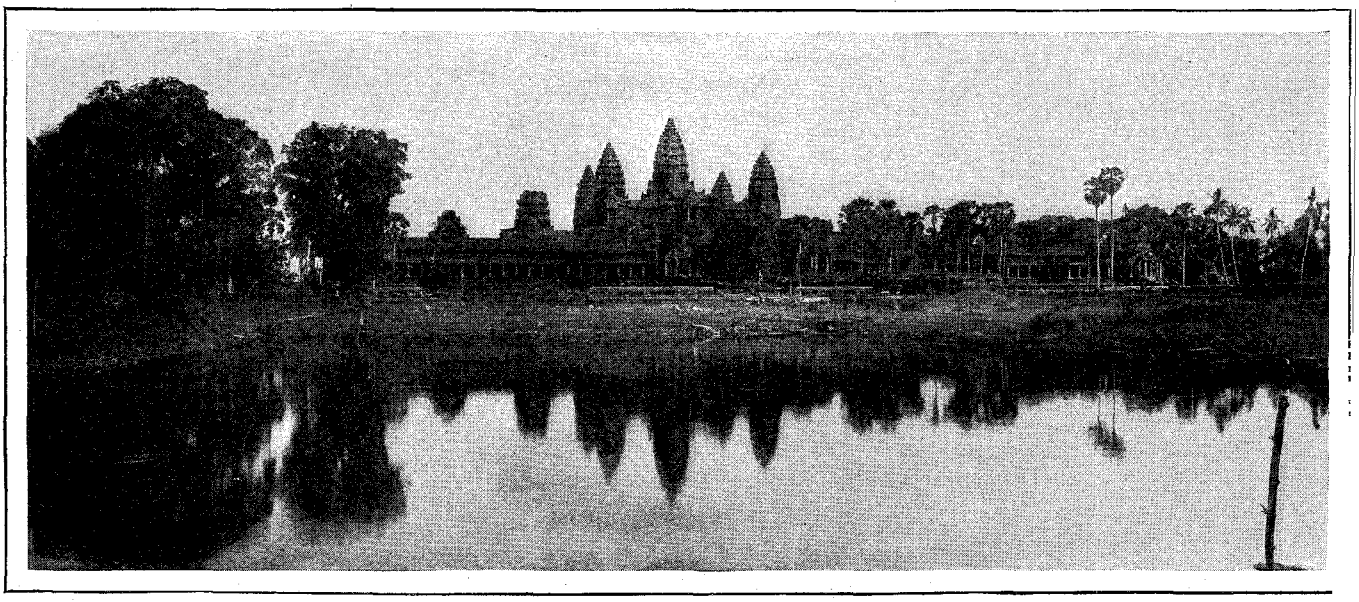
STEPS IN A DANCE WHICH SURVIVED CENTURIES OF DESOLATION

tions of the dances and had taught them in his turn to those who now are young. Through him arrangements were made, the news was spread about the countryside, and on the appointed evening we had the privilege of witnessing a spectacle of surpassing strangeness and beauty. By the time darkness set in two or three hundred shadowy figures were crouching outside our little hotel. When we were ready, torches were lighted, a long procession was formed with us in the midst, and moved flowing over the great gray causeway with its serpent balustrades, on to the portico, over the second and longer causeway, to pause finally on a broad platform under the very shadow of the temple itself. There mats were spread on the old gray stones and the torch-bearers ranged themselves in a circle about them. Musicians with strange instruments were squatting at one side.

We took our places, the musicians moved to their instruments, and, oh, unescapable horror of nationality, struck up in our honor "Marching Through Georgia"! The careful French do not organize temple dances, but how that tune got into the Siamese jungle or what the ghosts in the temple thought of it I cannot say. As soon, however, as the unfortunate prelude was over we were back again in the realm of romance. Indra appeared and the Demon King, in the very costumes and with the same peculiar motions represented in the sculptures; and it suddenly came over me that this dance and the old Brahman traditions had survived the centuries of Buddhist domination and the encroachments of the forest. It was late when the dance was ended. The procession formed again with the torches fluttering out; we were led across the first great causeway, where, turning to look back on the massive shadowy temple, we saw burning far up in the central tower a light before the golden Buddha that is now enthroned there. When we passed over the second causeway, the torches shone dim on the moat with its sleeping nenuphars, and at the door of the hotel the silent procession was merged again into the darkness from which it had come.

For our last afternoon in Angkor we decided to separate, each going as he would, to study or to dream; but towards sunset all of us, except Madame, who had found solace and companionship elsewhere, were lured up to the topmost tower, with its view over the



A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE TEMPLES, TAKEN FROM THE WEST

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temple inclosure, the causeway, and the moat to the forest which stretched away on every side to the horizon. When the clouds took on their first flush of color and the base of the great pile lay in shadow, the crescent moon came out above us; the shadow slowly crept upward, up from the base to where the golden Buddha sat with fire-perpetual burning before him, and as it passed, suddenly there was music. One of our party, who had a trained voice full of feeling, had never sung so well before. Through the gray, twilit colonnades, around carved Apsâras and battle scenes of forgotten kingdoms, billowed the sound through perfect stillness—the strange exotic intervals of "Aïda," the "Chanson Indoue" of Rimsky-Korsakov, the lament of Orpheus, and, finally, as the tropical twilight grew swiftly deeper and the great stars blazed out above the fading sunset, the voice of the invisible singer flowed out in the "Visi d'Arte." Silently then each of us made his offering to the Buddha, remembering as well the older vanished gods for whom that gray mountain of stone had been erected; and when we had found our way down the incredibly steep flights of steps worn by the feet of forgotten centuries, turning, we saw once more, far above us, the eternal fire burning, like the jewel on Buddha's brow among the crowning towers that loomed dark and massive against the stars.

THE UNDERGRADUATE SURVEYS HIMSELF

LAST March The Outlook offered ten prizes for the best ten letters of about six hundred words from college undergraduates on intercollegiate athletics. With the offer we made the following comment:

> There are a lot of questions which we think our readers would like to ask the undergraduate. Here are some of them:
>
> What is the place of athletics in education? What constitutes the amateur spirit? Is it worth preserving? Is it endangered by proselyting? By athletic "scholarships"? By professionalism?
>
> Is too much emphasis, or too little, placed upon sport? Upon victory? Upon championships?
>
> Should the present system of intercollegiate athletics be modified? How? Should the undergraduate have more, or less, to say concerning coaching methods? Schedules? Eligibility rules?
>
> What does the undergraduate think of the ethical standards and attitude of sport writers? What does he think of newspaper publicity? Huge expenditures for stadiums and transcontinental tours?
>
> Those who try for our prizes should not try to answer all—they need not try to answer any—of these questions. They are merely offered as suggestions concerning the things in which the public is interested. We want our correspondents to present frankly and freely their views on what seems to them the most important athletic problem of the hour.

The response has surprised us. Undergraduates have sent us letters from one hundred and twenty-five colleges and universities in thirty-nine States of the Union. The task of the judges has been exceptionally difficult because of the uniform excellence of the contributions. In some of the other prize contests a half-dozen letters have stood out because of some individual quality in the writer or in his or her mode of expression. It probably is the fact that college athletics is not a subject that excites very deep or passionate feeling. Even when one has strong definite opinions about athletics one can express those feelings without heartrending emotion.

It is quite clear from these letters that, while the American undergraduate enjoys athletics and regards them as an important feature of his undergraduate life, he does not feel that civilization is coming to an end or that his career is going to be wrecked by either reform or lack of reform of the athletic activities of his college. In other words, he looks at the problem—if it is a problem—as one to be dealt with in a common-sense fashion.

In reading these representative undergraduate letters three or four things have impressed us. First, if the letters may be taken as representative of American college opinion, and we think they may, that opinion regards the athletic side of college life as subordinate to the intellectual side. Undergraduate opinion not only favors athletics as a source of recreation and pleasure, but, and beyond that, because athletics foster the college spirit, and loyalty to the college is as essential for the functioning of college life as loyalty to the country is essential to the functioning of citizenship. This view of college athletics is well brought out in the letter from a West Point cadet who wins a fourth prize.

There is apparently no sympathy for professionalism—that is to say, for the hiring of men to come to college in order that they may win games. There is apparently a good deal of feeling that there is a kind of professional attitude on the part of college authorities towards star athletes. Many of these undergraduate writers express the feeling that athletes, even when they are genuine undergraduates, are sometimes dealt with more leniently in matters of college discipline or college scholarship than they would be if they were not valuable to the institution as game winners.

Lastly, no one could read through this pile of contest letters without feeling that, on the whole, the American undergraduate is to-day being taught to use good, workmanlike English, to form independent opinions on current questions, and to express them forcibly and clearly.

It may be of some interest to add that The Outlook staff includes representatives of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Chicago University, Amherst, Williams, New York University, Vassar, and Wells.

THE WINNERS

FIRST PRIZE

J. W. SCOTT, JR.
72 Patton Hall, Princeton University
Princeton, New Jersey

SECOND PRIZE

"ECCENTRIC" [1]
(Ohio State University)
Columbus, Ohio

THIRD PRIZE

JOHN J. ELSON
Cornell University
Ithaca, New York

THE SEVEN FOURTH PRIZE WINNERS

W. W. BAINBRIDGE
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Boston, Massachusetts

ALFRED G. WHEELER
Oberlin College
Oberlin, Ohio

ANN COE
(University of Minnesota)
828 University Avenue
Minneapolis, Minnesota

DONALD TWALM [1]
Iowa State College

CADET DUCROT [1]
United States Military Academy
West Point, New York

D. B. R. [1]
School of Journalism, Columbia University
New York City

MARTIN K. JAMES [1]
From a Pennsylvania institution, the name of which we may not disclose

[1] *Pen-names in Italics*

FIRST PRIZE

A LAODICEAN SPOKESMAN

IN the perennial discussion about the relation of athletics to college life, two opinions are usually presented: First, there is the opinion of those who wish to keep athletics in the same status which it occupies to-day, with no more concessions to opponents of this system than absolutely necessary; second, the view of those who would like

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to see athletics relegated to an obscure place in the collegiate scheme of things. There is in the colleges a third class who are so indifferent as to believe that the colleges are not being ruined by organized athletics. They also believe that the country and the colleges with it would suffer no irreparable injury if all the footballs in the world, and most of the football players with them, were consigned to a watery grave. This class I am proud to represent.

As the self-appointed representative of this great body of Laodiceans, I claim the honor of setting forth its platform.

The first plank is this: We want to be let alone. Almost every college that supports competitive athletics is supposed to owe its existence to some powerful force known as "college spirit." This particular brand of patriotism finds its expression almost entirely in going out for the team and rooting for the team. This kind of thing would be all right provided that it could be kept within reasonable bounds. It is an intolerable nuisance when it becomes such an obsession with the majority of undergraduates that they are expected to drop all other interests and pursuits and come out for the team if they can be at all serviceable. I have no plan to suggest which would bring about a change in this attitude toward athletics. I merely point out the fact that this overemphasis on the importance of sports is responsible for most of the evils which are laid at the door of organized sport.

In the second place, we want the newspapers muzzled as far as the publicity departments in the colleges can do it. It seems rather hard that after four years in a college, which one has learned to respect because of its traditions of scholarship and character and because of its student body, one should always go out into the world and find that its reputation rested on the records made by its teams. Most colleges seem desirous of getting a reputation of this sort, a fact which reacts on the undergraduate to make him feel that the alumni and trustees of his college are far more anxious to have him boost the stock of the college by a frequent appearance on the sporting pages of the newspapers than by scholastic accomplishment.

Finally, we are in favor of purely amateur athletics. If this means that the standing of every athlete should be investigated by a board appointed for that purpose, well and good. If it means that athletic scholarships and gifts by alumni to men who are star athletes must be abolished, let them be done away with. The whole matter should be left to a board appointed in every college to keep athletics clean. The members of this board should have two qualifications: they should know the difference between a professional and an amateur, and they should prefer the latter. We want this because it is not conducive to the self-respect of a member of a college to have his institution represented by tramp athletes of a mental age averaging around thirteen.

The three points enumerated above are those which I consider most important in the regulation of college athletics. I have neither the space nor the knowledge of the subject to go into the various methods suggested for bringing to pass these desiderata. I have merely indicated what seem to me the main issues.

I am not in favor of abolishing athletics in the colleges. I like to go to a football game. I like to "take a pipe or a girl" to a baseball game when the weather is pleasant and the pop and ice-cream cones are circulating freely. What I do object to is having my interest in these sports taken as the most important factor in my psychology as an undergraduate, and used as a basis for building up great commercial organizations to boom the college.

JOHN W. SCOTT, JR.,
Princeton University, Class of 1923.

SECOND PRIZE

A LOPSIDED DEVELOPMENT OF INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS

Two years ago our football team made a transcontinental tour. Last year funds were raised for one of the largest stadiums in the Middle West. From where I am writing the sound of riveting hammers on the skeleton of that stadium is like the rapping of the first woodpecker. The Outlook asks what undergraduates think about it. Two pictures came to my mind as I read the announcement of the contest on intercollegiate athletics.

One day during the drive for stadium funds six students were at work in a laboratory. All but one, a girl in the freshman class, had been called upon by solicitors. The man assigned to get her subscription came to the laboratory. She told him frankly that she could not afford to give the amount set by the committee as the minimum which would be accepted from each student. He argued for half an hour, presenting the usual plea—that our present athletic field was too small; every one was doing his share; no one could show such a lack of school spirit; "years later you will come back and point with pride at this monument and say, 'I helped build that.'" The usual result followed; she signed on the dotted line. Turning to us and biting her lip to keep back the tears, she said, "I—I don't know where I can get the money."

Twenty thousand people are in the second picture, less than half of them students. Twenty-two men are spending every bit of strength and intelligence they possess for their colleges. The solid masses of humanity in the stands are yelling themselves hoarse and working themselves into a state of hysteria that any one would consider dangerous to health and sanity if encountered anywhere but at a football game. Like a sore thumb on the body of intercollegiate athletics, football attracts attention out of proportion to its real importance.

The football fan can recite many reasons why his favorite sport deserves popular support: It maintains school spirit at fever heat; a winning football team influences young men of ability to enroll in the school; football receipts pay other athletic expenses; interest in the college among citizens of the town and State rises to high tide during the football season. These contentions may be true; but do they settle the question?

At this University school spirit measured by team support is the best in years. Lack of honor among the students caused the abandonment of an honor tradition and the establishment of a faculty committee on cheating in examinations. Wagers on the outcome of the games have been so common that the student who was not financially interested in the team's victories was popularly supposed to be missing a lot of the thrill in football. Our stadium will seat ten times the number of students in the University. Nine-tenths of the seats will be filled by people who see us when we are least sane. I wonder what impression they will receive of this University as an educational institution.

The expenditure for football is entirely out of proportion to the number of students who can be educated in habits of healthy recreation. Almost any other sport would serve better for that purpose. I believe our college athletics is suffering from a severe case of lopsided development simply because the public is willing to express its approval of one of our sports in dollars and cents. I wish we had the strength of character to do what is better for us, though not so popular.

"ECCENTRIC,"
Ohio State University, Class of 1922.

THIRD PRIZE

KEEPING ATHLETICS IN THEIR PROPER PLACE

Most of the uproar over intercollegiate athletics sounds vain and needless to us up here in central New York. We have managed to do without scandals or violent disputes so long that we can hardly see the reasons for having them elsewhere. Not that our system of athletic control is perfect, or the relations of Faculty, coaches, and students entirely frictionless. But we have found that an able administration of sports, a faculty maintaining high scholastic standards, and a common sense of honor will keep college athletics in their proper place. Consequently we have indulged in very little altercation or anxiety regarding them.

Is not the whole matter being taken too seriously? Students perhaps tend to over-emphasize athletics, but their el-

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ders tend as strongly to over-emphasize the evils of athletics. Both sides have simply lost their sense of proportion. Both are aided in losing it by the extravagant publicity that is constantly given to happenings in the collegiate world.

The desire for advertising stimulated by such publicity lies at the bottom of most excesses in intercollegiate athletics. Where they occur, investigation will show that the primary purpose of having teams and contests has shifted from the gaining of healthy recreation to the putting into public notice of one's Alma Mater. That is the objective which inspires the innumerable songs about "spreading her name and fame." A small institution which turns out a winning eleven finds, or fancies, its prestige to be greatly increased thereby. The temptation to build up more such teams by dishonorable methods is a natural consequence. After a few seasons, behold a brazen college which makes no secret of its determination to win at any cost and by any means! Its slogan becomes, "Beat So and So," its ambition a place among the blackest headlines, its sole criterion victory. Betting and muckerism among spectators appear as pernicious by-products. But the greatest harm the school suffers lies in the change it makes from character building to team perfecting as the chief end and aim of its existence. The college becomes a gladiatorial training school.

Then the overdone journalism which created the evil begins to expose the results of its work in equally exaggerated tones. It "plays up" every disagreement over athletic policies, every squabble between rivals, every scandal among teams. The public, unaware how much these are magnified by the sporting writers, believes all it reads and concludes that intercollegiate athletics are hopelessly corrupt. Presidents and professors shake their heads over the problem. Editorials are written and speeches made. The assumption is that because a few colleges have gone to extremes of sport mania all are possessed by it.

But meanwhile, in most places, the undergraduate plays his games with a glad heart and a clear conscience. He cheers for his team on Saturday afternoon, rejoices in victory or sorrows in defeat, but returns to work on Monday morning quite undemoralized. So it is with us at Cornell; so it must be at many another university which has not been poisoned with overdoses of printer's ink. If the newspapers will only forbear their sensational accounts, first, of our sports, and then of the abuses which they themselves have created in these sports, we shall contrive somehow to regulate the one and eliminate the other.

JOHN J. ELSON,
Cornell University, Class of 1922.

WILD LIFE ON A WILD ISLAND[1]

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

DURING the entire afternoon, though the northeast wind over the salt marshes had been keen and cold, I had kept to the deck of the little steamer; for the region through which we were passing is one of the most picturesque and romantic in America. Our route lay between those famous barrier islands of the Carolina seaboard and the vast sea-marshes which extend between the islands and the mainland shore. Through tortuous creeks we steamed slowly, breasting a strong head tide. On my right was the long, low wooded reach known as Long Island, the northern extension of Sullivan's Island, the scene of Poe's "The Gold Bug." This chain of islands extends for more than a hundred miles up and down the coast. They are separated by tidal inlets; sometimes narrow, extending themselves into the marshes as creeks, sometimes widening into bays and sounds. Always between the islands these inlets are deep and treacherous; and on them all kinds of craft must be handled with wary skill. Storms change the contour of many of these islands, but it has been observed that an island of this type, however small, seldom washes away. Compensation appears always to be taking place. For example, the north end of Bull's Island has washed away to such a degree that the old lighthouse, which once stood on the edge of the woods, far above the breaker line, now has apparently walked weirdly into the raging surf. At least there it curiously stands. But the south end of the island is being built up rather rapidly. Bull's Island is the last of this immediate chain; it

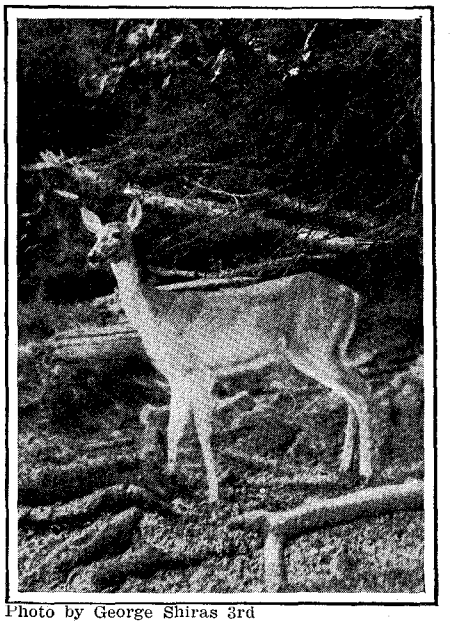

Photo by George Shiras 3rd

is more than thirty miles northeast from Charleston. Beyond it extends, vast and restless, the famous Bull's Bay, celebrated for its storms, its dangerous waters, and its delicious oysters.

IT was to Bull's Island that I was bound, to observe the wild life there. I think perhaps there is no more favorable place in this country for the preservation of game birds and animals than this very island. Many years ago it was purchased by two gentlemen from the North, who have carefully protected it ever since. The results of their wise and humane experiment I shall try to set forth clearly.

The island itself is full nine miles long, and its width varies from a few hundred yards to nearly three miles. It has a wide tidal creek winding up through a long and lonely region of it; and this creek is bordered by great stretches of salt marsh. Its entire eastern front is beaten upon by the Atlantic. Its entire western shore-line is lipped by a warm creek, languid and wan compared with the hale and epic tumult of the front beach with the ever-raging surf. Its northern limit is Bull's Inlet; its southern, Capers's Inlet. The mainland is far across the salt creeks and marshes, full four miles; but the going is so difficult that the effect of the distance is heightened. It takes a boatman six or seven hours to row from the island to the mainland; and it is a fact that, while deer often pass from other islands closer to the mainland to the mainland itself, seldom or never does a Bull's Island deer leave its home, unless it is to cross the inlet to the southward.

Ere on our journey we had reached this southern tip of the island I had gone below to try to get warm. In the cramped hold was a little cracked woodstove, the red flames glaring and licking through every ancient crevice. On one side of it was a huge drum of gasoline; on the other there was a ten-gallon can of kerosene. These, as you can imagine, I eyed appraisingly. Their proximity to the fire was, to say the least, interesting. On the floor about the stove were conveniently littered many splinters of resinous pine, which were even now oozing their sap because of the heat of the fire. I thought I had never seen a better arrangement for an explosion; and I made mental reservations that if ever I wanted to blow up a ship so that no one would ever be able to discover of her not even a spot of oil on the water, I should imitate the layout that I here

[1] The studies of deer which decorate this article are from the camera of George Shiras 3d, a pioneer in the art of animal photography.

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observed. Yet how quickly we become used to things! Grateful was the warmth; I ceased to be concerned, and after a while I forgot all about the fact that I was sitting on the lip of a volcano.

My reveries on many things were interrupted by a violent reversing of the engine; the engineer's bell sounded several times importunately; I heard our little craft bump lustily against some heavy object. Either we were in a collision or else we had arrived.

The hatchway was jerked back, a black head was thrust in.

"Cap'n," a respectful voice said, "we is to de island."

SWINGING myself up the ladder, I once more stood on deck. Never can I forget the impression poignantly borne in upon me. We seemed ringed by stars, tremulous and large and blazing; we were caressed by sea winds, warm and delicate and spicy here in the lee of the island; the distant surge and thunder of the surf came to me; far off I heard the plaintive fluting of yellowleg plover; mysterious voices of loneliness and of the night thronged to me from the whispering marshes and the brimming tide. It seemed to me that the world was one of sea winds and sea stars, of sea music and of sea silences. It was as if the mystery of life and of love had suddenly in beauty been revealed to me. I thought of Milton's—

> A thousand fantasies
> Begin to throng into my memory
> Of calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire;
> Of airy tongues that syllable men's names
> On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.

A few minutes after we had landed, accompanied by my host, the manager of the estate, I walked up through the starlit woods of the island to the bungalow, which is strategically placed near the center of the island. The site is well sheltered from storms. Anciently, from Revolutionary times and even before them, the owners of the island had lived at this place. But the present house is modern. The manager told me that lately he had picked up in the sandy yard a penny of George II. I suggested Kidd and treasure; but he was inclined to believe that the island had been used many times by the British as a landing-place. It was so used in the Civil War, and at the north end of the island there are the remains of a fort of considerable size. The walls of this fort, now standing from a foot to two feet above the ground, were built of that singularly weather-resisting material, a mixture of lime, broken oyster-shells, and cement. It appears to me to be superior to a good deal of the modern concrete work.

As we walked up the dark road, a-glimmer here and there because of the white sand of its track, I was aware of a whispering from the thickety borders of our pathway. This rustling I soon found to be the sere talk of the dead

Photo by George Shiras 3rd

fronds of palmettos. I suppose there is nothing which is more grievingly responsive to a movement of air than these same withered broad fronds, with all their frayed brown edges sighing, tapping one another, and "uttering unutterable things." Four times, however, on our half-mile walk up to the bungalow we started deer in the eerie darkness, and they fled airily, delicately, vanishingly at our approach. I knew of course that the creatures we started were deer because of the dainty, concise thudding of their hoofs and because of the tall flag-tail, ghostly in the night. I may say that there are not only a very great many deer on the island, but that until lately there was a small herd of pure albinos. There now remains one, possibly two. A pair were taken for museum purposes several years ago, and these interesting specimens may now be seen in the American Museum of Natural History.

REACHING the bungalow, we were greeted by an open fire of dry pine. Unlike many an island, this one furnishes the greatest abundance of firewood; so much, in fact, that driftwood need never be used. Pine is plentiful, and live-oak; and there are long stretches of red cedar, myrtle, water-oak, and palmetto. This last is one of the most singular of woods, being little more than a stalwart column of fibers and sinews, woven together with a marvelous compactness and strength. Until late at night the manager and I talked. He told me of the wild turkey experiment on the island. Some eight years ago, from a woodsman on the mainland, some wild turkey eggs were bought. These were hatched, and the young throve. Indeed, I have never seen a more ideal place for the propagation of wild turkeys. Here on Bull's Island they have original growth woodlands through which they may roam; they have plenty of fresh water in the many ponds on the estate; the fox, their ancient arch-enemy, is not found; they have dense jungles of palmetto, cassine, and myrtle, where they may nest; they can live weeks and months utterly unmolested; they have sunny washing places in the warm sand; and at all seasons they have abundant food. One thing proves the truth of these many claims: the island is full of turkeys. The proper establishment of them and wise protection have brought back to this lonely sanctuary, in numbers as abundant as in colonial days, this most magnificent of all game birds. How abundant they were, say, in 1768 may be judged from Bartram's "Travels." He declares that in the pine forests near Savannah the wild turkeys every morning broke his rest "with their incessant clamor, gobbling for hundreds of miles around." And even as late as 1800 a wild gobbler out of the Virginia wilds could be bought on the streets of Washington for a quarter. One sale of five cents is authentically recorded! Nowadays a wild gobbler (if it could be sold) would readily bring as much as a quart of old rye (if it could be sold).

When I retired that night, it was to the sound of sea winds through myrtles and palmettos, to the far human whistling of the yellowleg plover, and to the soft thunder of the distant surf. It was also to the thought that we were to be up long before daybreak, so that we might have breakfast and be down at the ponds before the morning flight of wild fowl would begin.

CERTAIN pearly streaks amid the eastern clouds were all the signs we had of coming day as we trudged down the grassy road toward the duck ponds. Over us hung great live-oaks, oppressive in their majesty. On one hand there was the densest of cane-brakes, in which I twice heard deer move. One doe walked timidly, mincingly across the misty road before us. On the other hand there was an open stretch of country which the manager told me, with some misgiving in his voice, was his farm. "Experiment station would be a better description," he said; "for by the time the deer and the wild hogs and the wild cattle get through with my crops there's hardly anything left but the signs of an experiment. Yes; it is very difficult to raise anything when the main object of a property is to raise wild life."

About a mile from the bungalow we swung off to the left, following an old trail through the myrtle jungle. Then the jungle broke away and we came to a long, wide arena starred here and there by placid dim ponds and ringed about by the moss-draped, dewy, listening woods. Between the ponds and the woods were small meandering streams that wound through grassy meadows, and both streams and ponds were bordered by marshes and reeds and rank grasses. On this particular morning, though there was no frost, the grasses were stiffened with a delicate rime. My companion left me in a blind at one of the ponds and he went forward to another, half a mile distant. While I was there chiefly to observe, we were to shoot a few choice ducks for dinner.

I sat down in the blind, which was

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nothing but a natural growth of cedar and scrub live-oak jutting out toward the pond. Grayly, then rosily, the day came. It was a silent morning, and only fitful sea airs stirred the dark tresses of the pines and the pale pendulous mosses. As the light became stronger, the forest edges surrounding me, which at first had merely glimmered vaguely in the distance, began to take distinct yet soft outlines. It was the most beautiful of all forests—that of a semi-tropical island. Lacking the grandeur of primeval timber growths on the mainland, it had nevertheless a romance, a haunting charm, a poignant beauty that I know not how well to describe. These forest brinks seemed to me marginal to all the wonder in the world; and their appeal had about it something sad, something heartbreaking, like the glamour of eternal beauty. Whatever storms come, whatever winters befall, this mystic sanctuary, walled about by the deepest and densest island woods, remains constant in its peace, its solitude, its loveliness. It seemed a country for fairies and for fays. However, I was soon to be reminded that it was a country for wild fowl.

Over the tops of the tall pines, in the clear morning heavens, coming apparently from nowhere, but following, as I knew, a regular line of flight, a flock of green-winged teal came hurrying. If there is a swifter duck than the teal, I have never seen it. And the teal not only hurries but does so intently. Usually this intentness appears to be the result of some call to a far-distant place; but these particular visitors were intent upon alighting in the pond immediately before me. After one has long been familiar with ducks that fly high, craning their necks to discern hidden gunners, and that circle a half-dozen times and then do not alight, it was a pleasure to have these beautiful little confiding ducks come "straight at me," as it were, and settle, after a maneuver as swift as light, with an elfin grace upon the dark waters of the lonely pond. These were soon followed by a pair of mallards, looking larger than normal in the misty light. Instead of taking the water, they alighted in the rimy grass, and then sedately, with heads raised high, they waddled heavily toward their favorite element. When these were afloat on the water, I had a wild-life picture before me worth coming far to see. Though not usually acknowledged as such, the mallard drake is one of the most gorgeous of all water-fowl, especially when he is relaxed so that his plumage shows to advantage. Indeed, in this respect all wild creatures are like all other living things—they cannot show their beauty unless they are at peace. They may show their speed or their alertness, their fear or their wariness, but not their beauty. A great wild gobbler strutting and gobbling in his native glades when the ardor of spring love is upon him is an entirely different bird from the tall, crafty, elusive, fear-

Photo by George Shiras 3rd

shrunken skulker of the hunting season. A decided difference in character as well as in appearance is always discernible between the flirtatious and the fugitive.

My wild fowl gathering was suddenly augmented by an inrush of eight huge black ducks which had approached behind me and had drawn beautifully to the water almost before I had seen them. Upon alighting they did not drift in stately beauty, like the mallards, but at once began foraging in the most material fashion. Paddling about in the warm water, they soon came to a muddy black spit, over which they crowded greedily, running their bills along the soil in true vacuum-cleaner fashion. They were very garrulous.

And now across the glade, mistily roseate with the coming of the sunrise, I saw two shapes on the glimmering borders of the woods. They were deer—two bucks; for at this season of the year, the mating period having passed, the bucks and does do not readily consort. The does usually go alone or in small groups of two or three; the bucks are nearly always paired from the close of the mating season, which in this latitude may be said to end at some time in December, to the time of the dropping of their antlers, which is usually in February. While bucks are often solitary throughout the entire year except in the breeding season, I have often observed paired bucks in the summer. A friend of mine once started from a thicketed pond five velveted bucks, and in time of a flood another friend of mine counted a herd of ten bucks.

These bucks that I now saw illustrated perfectly certain characteristics of deer nature. They were the most shadowy, evanishing, elusive creatures imaginable. I can easily conceive that when the ancients peopled the forests and the fields with nymphs and dryads, fawns and satyrs, they perhaps had had just cause for their beliefs in such creatures, for had they not seen at twilight and by moonlight eerie forms which appeared to belong to the supernatural world? These deer that I saw looked like spirits; and even though they had not, as I knew, been molested for years by hunters, they appeared to have lost none of their dainty wariness, their delicate craft. Soon and silently the gray-green forest hid them. They melted into it.

Now to the pond, through the heavens crimson with sunrise, came a long line of yellowlegs, fluting melodiously. They alighted on a mud-bar amid the foraging black ducks. Hooded mergansers appeared over the pines and down into my pond. And now the whole air was suddenly thronged with ducks of many kinds: mallards, widgeons, sprigs, teal, wood-ducks, and black English. It was a pure delight to watch these beautiful wild things come trustingly to this solitary place. Erelong there were more than a hundred ducks of various kinds on the water before me. Long shafts of sunlight, striking across the foaming breakers and through the dim forest aisles, tinged and tinted the scene. Softly but brightly the dew-jeweled woodland gleamed. The rimed grasses steamed airily. It was an idyllic scene. But the children of nature are seldom long at their ease.

In less time than I can tell it my pond was empty. The dark, dancing waters were all that remained, while in almost every direction fled frantically the wild fowl. An ancient enemy had appeared. He came sailing in scornful splendor toward me. It was a male bald eagle, one of a pair which had since my boyhood nested on this island. The bird was probably older than I. He was indolently lordly. He disdained to pursue. The power and majesty of his flight were very impressive; in the pure sky he looked like the black symbol of wild nature's eternal menace.

After the dispersal of the very pleasant company that had been mine I knew that the morning flight of wild fowl was practically over. I therefore rejoined my companion, and together we repaired to the bungalow, sunning itself amid its live-oaks, drowsy giants that placidly watched our approach. An hour thereafter I sallied forth alone to spend the remainder of the day studying the deer and the other forms of wild life on the island.

Lest my account become too minute, I shall give the observations I was able to make, and not be too specific as to the exact circumstances attending each observation. My course took me across waste lands of reeds and marsh, retiring warmly into the ancient forest; down roads of unimaginable beauty and peace, mile after mile winding through primeval woodlands; out on the lonely beach. Everywhere was evidence of abundant wild life. I flushed three flocks of wild turkeys, and wherever in the road there was a litter of pine straw and leaves this would be seen to be torn up by the busy scratching of the big birds. In the

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marshlands there were endless paths, winding interminably. These were used by the deer, the wild hogs, and the wild cattle. During a part of one day I counted upward of forty deer, and on the island there can hardly be fewer than four hundred. Probably two years ago there were many more; but a visitation of the deer's only plague—anthrax—sadly diminished the number. The coming of this disease was followed by a dreadful outbreak of cholera among the hogs, so that everywhere, the manager of the estate told me, were dead deer and dead swine. I think it interesting to use this matter as a probable proof that the germs of these and of similar diseases are carried by vultures. At the time mentioned there was cholera on the mainland, and there was some black-tongue also. Since both the black vulture and the turkey buzzard pass frequently from the mainland to the island, and since no other creatures do, the proof appears clear that these scavengers are the carriers of disease. Our Department of Agriculture now admits, I believe, the probable truth of this important theory.

The deer of the island have very interesting habits. Throughout the greater part of the day they retire to the deep woods, where they do less sleeping, I believe, than ruminating. The possession of several stomachs is a matter to which these and similar creatures give due consideration. They bed down in warm grass, in bunchy bushes, under palmettos, in cane-brakes. A deer loves a place that is warm, sheltered, and that offers a few rays of grateful sunshine stealing in upon him. Thus are the daylight hours drowsed away. When the sun is low and the long shadows begin to darken the marshes, the deer troop forth, either on the front beach, where they love to walk among the rolling dunes, or to the marshes, on whose edges they find their best feeding ground. While I started many deer in the forest, my best view of deer was late in the afternoon, when they came forth from their deep haunts to roam the wild waste country between the woods and the surf, or between lonely reaches of forest. While walking quietly along the edge of a marsh I became thrillingly aware that a deer was looking at me from the border of the woods. It was a buck, and full-antlered. He held his head strangely high. There in the dusk he stood, not twenty yards off, haughtily, impatiently alert. I saw him toss his head petulantly. He saw me, but did not recognize me. In a moment more, however, he was gone into the thicket. Over the marsh I saw shadows trooping. I counted at one time fourteen of these deer. But then the night closed in. It was time for me to stop observing. Besides, I happened to be five miles from the lodge.

But during this day and the days that followed I saw more wild life than deer and wild fowl and turkeys. The island is infested by wild hogs, which appear to thrive splendidly. They are a good deal of a nuisance, for they break through all fences and root up all crops. They are, however, valuable as a check to the cottonmouth moccasin, the only venomous snake on the barrier islands. The rattlesnake has never been seen here. The hogs have heavy toll taken from their ranks by a few alligators, which live in deep holes in the fresh-water ponds. It has but lately been discovered that these huge saurians are at home in salt water as well as in fresh, and they are not infrequently seen in the salt creeks, and even in the surf. A big bull alligator grimly riding the breakers is truly an impressive sight. There are many wild and half-wild cattle on the island. Many of these I encountered. They eyed me with sullen truculence, and their wariness, though of a clumsy sort, was almost equal to that of the deer. Once, after a long crawl through a fetid jungle darkened by myrtles and palmettos, I gratefully rose in a little green savannah, glad to be able to stand upright once more. But my relief was momentary; for thirty yards off, standing with a certain air of outraged majesty, was a magnificent bull of massive proportions and of a symmetry known only to wild things. Grouped behind him were a dozen other cattle. All of them faced me at exactly the same angle; they appeared statues of angry surprise. But all these creatures behave in the same way: what the leader does all of them do. If he advances, they come forward with him; if he turns, they wheel as if performing maneuvers. I have never had any sort of an opinion of my eyes as hypnotizers; but since that wild bull turned from me and he and all his folowers fled crashingly through the jungle I have had a hope of occult power. It is a harmless and pleasing thought.

Of smaller wild animals on the island, the raccoon is the most numerous; the mink is present, but is most difficult to come upon, and, as it spends much of its time traveling about the salt marshes to westward of the island, it is hardly a true resident. Here the otter has been seen; but, as this splendid fur-bearer is essentially a wanderer, it is doubtful if he remains on this limited range. But the raccoons are absurdly abundant. In broad daylight they can be seen snoozing philosophically in the comfortable low crotches of trees, and sometimes ambling thoughtfully down the bypaths of woodland and of marsh. This wise, friendly, interesting little creature finds on this wild island a most congenial home. A range like Bull's Island can easily support a colony of more than a thousand raccoons. Always with wild life—and perhaps with all life—the primary problem is the question of food. Here the sea feeds the children of the land, for as long as a raccoon can get an oyster he is happy.

Photo by George Shiras 3rd

In contrast to the number of raccoons is the comparative scarcity of common birds. Wild fowl are abundant, and in the migrating seasons the shore birds come in myriads. In the summer vast colonies of herons breed in the myrtle jungles. But there are few common birds. I saw some blue jays, two mocking-birds, and a half-dozen sparrows. Yet at this time of the year on the mainland, a few miles off, the thickets are noisy with the singing and the busy scratching of thousands of brown thrashers, cardinals, juncoes, whitethroats, and towhees. The wide and lonely salt marsh isolates the island; only the hawks, the eagles, the vultures, and the strong-pinioned game birds come here, and a few wanderers of the smaller species. I was pleased to flush several woodcock, which were singularly tame. So attracted are they by the peace and security of these island woods that they sometimes remain in this situation to breed.

Such, then, are some of the aspects of the wild life upon this "beauteous lonely isle." It is a place forever echoing with the "rolling anthem of the beach," forever isolated, forever charged with a certain mystery and solitary danger; the haunt of creatures essentially wild, yet living as though life held no real dangers. In observing these birds and animals I felt as Alexander Selkirk felt: "Their tameness was shocking to me."

And now that I am far from the island, it is like a dim lost glamourland; yet its varied scenes recur vividly. I see once more the shadowy gray dunes over which pace lordly bucks and mincing does; I see long stretches of mysterious marshland, over which a great eagle beats in solitary power; I see the deep-hearted peace of sunlit virgin woods; I see long ranks of red cedars, rimming the beach but apparently blasted away from it by the storming of many sea winds; and high over all the island I view certain thoughtful black pines, looming and listening—ominous strong warders keeping watch through the long years over all this beauty and all this loneliness.

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THE BOOK TABLE

THE ROOTS OF PROGRESS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

MR. JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON represents a school of thought which is more attractive to the curious than convincing to the thoughtful. Its essential principle as interpreted by Mr. Robinson may be thus stated.

Human progress dates from the days of Francis Bacon. All conclusions reached prior to his time may safely be disregarded. That a conviction is ancient and has apparently stood the test of time raises a presumption against it. The reason has been used mainly to defend ancient beliefs against innovators, to satisfy existing ignorance, and to discourage creative thought. There has been some progress in scientific thought, some gain in our knowledge and use of material forces. But there has been no progress in moral and social life, no truths that can be accepted as established by reason or approved by experience. Everything is open for reconsideration. "We should proceed to the thorough reconstruction of our mind, with a view to understanding actual human conduct and organization." In such reconstruction no help is to be expected from either the churches or the schools and universities, and vigorous opposition will come from the lawyers and the business interests. With this brief summary of Mr. Robinson's fundamental contention, we may leave this brilliant but not always historically accurate or self-consistent book[1] while we turn to consider the philosophy which it advocates.

Everything is not open to reconsideration. Some things are *known* and we are quite right in refusing to reconsider them, though there is no reason why we should refuse liberty to those who wish to give time to such reconsideration.

There are certain instincts which are essential to human nature; for example, *thirst*. Science examines the river, and assures us that after we have poured into it our sewage the water is not fit to drink. Thanks. It examines alcohol and the human body, and the majority of scientific students, at least in this country, and an increasing number in Europe, advise us that alcohol is a poison, sometimes useful as a medicine, not beneficial as a beverage. Again thanks. Conceivably the scientists might advise us that tea and coffee are injurious as beverages, and we certainly should consider and might accept their decision. But if a health reformer should assure us that man is not a thirsting animal and that he should not drink any fluid, we could safely disregard him and undoubtedly should do so. We may reconsider *how* we can best satisfy our thirst, but we shall never reconsider the question *whether* we will satisfy it or not.

The desire for property is as much a human instinct as the desire for water. The social reformer may diagnose "the sickness of acquisitive society," and we will listen to him. He may point out the evils of a society which gives itself over to acquisition and suggest remedies for these evils, and we will thankfully consider his recommendations. He may ask us to reconsider what are the rights of property, what is the basis of the right, what are proper objects of personal property, what limits to acquisition a man should put upon himself, what limits society may put upon its members, how far it is expedient to adopt some form of collective ownership, and we will consider what he has to say. But if he proposes to abolish all property rights and frame the laws of society as though man were not essentially an acquisitive being, he need expect no hearing. Even the dog recognizes a right of property and if another dog attempts to take his bone away from him will fight to retain it.

Reverence is not less a human instinct than acquisitiveness and thirst. Man's physical nature impels him to drink; his social nature impels him to acquire property; no less does his spiritual nature impel him to look *up* as well as off. Heroes and hero worship are as universal as the race and as old as history. If the philosopher succeeds in convincing a few individuals that they should not reverence God, they proceed to reverence "our Father Man." Even Mr. Robinson apparently recognizes this as a fact in human history, for he says, "One of the finest examples of early Greek skepticism was the discovery of Xenophanes that man created the gods in his own image."

Not only are there certain elemental instincts of man which intelligence can serve and to some extent control but cannot abolish, there are also certain truths of the moral order which have been so firmly established by experience that most of us refuse to give them reconsideration. Mr. Robinson's apparent contention that no progress has been made in the moral and social condition of humanity on which we can safely build and which we can carry forward to their predetermined goal is not sustained by history.

America is in size of territory and in its conglomerate population somewhat analogous to ancient Rome. But the moral contrast between the two is very striking. Then autocracy, now self-government; then slave labor, now free labor; then drunkenness universal, now a Republic that has taken a National pledge of total abstinence; then no provision for the education of the common people, now a public school in every State and Territory under United States control; then marriage a contract which either husband or wife could cancel at pleasure, now marriage a bond which can be canceled only by court decree.

The American people are perfectly willing to consider how they can purify their government, perfect the emancipation of labor, abolish the lawlessness of the forbidden liquor traffic, extend their public school system, and improve their marriage and divorce laws. But any reformer who proposes any plan which threatens to hinder their progress to their selected goal of self-government, to reimpose under any disguise chains upon labor, to re-enthrone the discredited liquor traffic, to dispense with public education and confine education to a class, or to abolish the family and go back to the paganism of ancient Rome, has no reason to complain that the American public refuses to give consideration to his proposals. They do not refuse him the chance to make those proposals to any who wish to listen; but it does not violate liberty of speech for the State to refuse to pay salaries to such reformers in the public schools, or for endowed colleges and universities to refuse to such teachers salaried positions as professors or instructors.

The radicalism which repudiates all the lessons of the past is a natural reaction against the toryism which forbids all experiments in the future. The affirmation that the Nicene Creed is the last word in religious thinking and nothing must be added to or taken from it forbids religious thinking; but to affirm that all religious thought to date has been in vain and that the results should be thrown into the rubbish-pile is not encouraging to thinking in the future. We shall not reform the drama by going back to Shakespeare's time and endeavoring to re-establish an Elizabethan theater with an Elizabethan stage; but neither shall we reform it by contemptuously discarding Shakespeare's plays. We cannot accept Plato's "Republic" or Augustine's "City of God" as the final model for a perfect society; but neither shall we be likely to frame a true brotherhood for the future by ignoring all attempts which poets and prophets have made in the past to make an architectural blue-print of brotherhood.

We quite agree with Mr. Robinson that education is needed "with a view to understanding actual human conduct and organization." But this should begin with the prophet who demands it. He constantly impresses us as misunderstanding or ignoring what is going on in the world about him. For example, Mr. Robinson says: "No publisher would accept a historical text-book based on an explicit statement of the knowledge we now have of man's animal ancestry." The obvious implication of this—that a dominant prejudice forbids the public discussion or study of man's ori-

[1] The Mind in the Making: The Relation of Intelligence to Social Reform. By James Harvey Robinson. Harper & Brothers, New York. 50.

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gin—is sufficiently refuted by the popularity of books by Osborn, Breasted, and Van Loon. Mr. Robinson says: "The student of humanity . . . can look for little help from the universities as now constituted." Some of our universities are sharing the work of education with the factory and sending their students to study in companionship with factory workers; others require as a condition of sociological study in the university that the student shall make a personal investigation of the labor situation in some factory; and one of the most illuminating books we have had in the past two or three years is the report Wisconsin University has made of a systematic examination of eighteen successful corporations endeavoring to introduce the spirit of human brotherhood into their works. Mr. Robinson sees all potent business interests backed by the politicians and in general supported by the ecclesiastical, legal, and educational classes "opposed to social improvement or even social experiment." This is only a half-truth. It is also true that the actual transformation of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit from an aristocratic into a democratic organization, reported by Mr. Sherman Rogers in The Outlook for April 12, has thrown more light on our industrial problem than any reconstruction of the mind in the class-room, and it is only a notable illustration of what, according to Professor John R. Commons's report, from ten to twenty-five per cent of our industrial organizations are trying more or less successfully to accomplish. The reconstruction of our industries is being seriously attempted, and with a considerable measure of success, by men who do not throw all past thinking and all past experiment into the discard, but learn from the past how they may the better build in the present for the future. This is the true recipe for progress.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

CHILDREN OF THE MARKET PLACE. By Edgar Lee Masters. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Mr. Masters takes as the central figure of his semi-historical novel the "Little Giant" who met defeat as a debater and political leader of opinion at the hands of Abraham Lincoln. The study of Stephen Douglas as a person as well as a politician is extremely well done. The book gives also a minutely drawn picture of life in Illinois, and indirectly in other parts of the country, during the tremendously important period of American history between 1835 and 1860. The author makes the reader feel that he is present and sees the development of the country, the agitation as to slavery, the growth of intercourse between different parts of the country, the advance from the primitive canal-boats and stage-coach to the newly built and rapidly extending railways. There is a strong dramatic situation also in the personal problem of the young narrator. He goes to Illinois from England to settle his dead father's estate, and finds that he is half-brother to an octoroon girl of estimable character and charming personality, whose quadroon mother his father married under singular circumstances. This situation ends with the murder of the girl, and that leaves the latter part of the book without any very strong dramatic or personal story-interest. The book is remarkable as a study of American life and of the conflict of race and political passions in the period treated.

LEGEND OF ULENSPIEGEL AND LAMME GOEDZAK. By Charles De Coster. Translated by F. M. Atkinson. 2 vols. Doubleday Page & Co., Garden City. $5.

The impish Ulenspiegel is familiar to readers of German legends and folklore and figures also, we remember, in one of Sir Walter Scott's less read dramatic poems. He and the less well known Lamme Goedzak are the principal actors in these two volumes, which, though they are formidable to look upon, are anything but difficult to read. Mr. De Coster has adapted these legendary personalities to Belgian history and literature. The translation preserves the dramatic and humorous effect of the original and the adventures are truly as described in the title, "heroical, joyous, and glorious."

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

DINGBAT OF ARCADY (THE). By Marguerite Wilkinson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

A charming account of an adventurous trip taken by the author and her husband in a boat of their own manufacture. With this book in hand one can take the joys of adventure with the comforts of staying at home, and it is probable that the wife's graphic pen will make this pleasure possible to a great many readers who would never think of taking such an "inland voyage" in any other way.

RIVERS AND THEIR MYSTERIES. By A. Hyatt Verrill. Illustrated. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.50.

An encyclopædic collection of facts about rivers, co-ordinated into chapters that have a real story-interest. The formation of rivers, their effect in changing the landscape, their commercial importance, the forms of river life, underground rivers, tropical rivers, ice rivers—all are described in an appropriately flowing style that holds the interest unflaggingly.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

STUDENTS' HISTORY OF THE HEBREWS. By Laura A. Knott. With Maps and Illustrations. The Abingdon Press, New York.

This volume from the pen of the former Principal of Bradford Academy (Massachusetts) is a fruit of years of teaching the Bible to the older pupils supplemented by two years of special study. Prepared for students, it is specially adapted for use as a text-book in Bible classes, whether in Sunday schools or in day schools. The author accepts the conclusions of modern scholars and wisely refuses to perplex the minds of the pupils with an account of the processes which have led to those conclusions. Thus she describes the Book of Daniel as written by some unknown author in the time of Antiochus for the purpose of encouraging the martyrs of that age; the Book of Jonah as a parable or apologue, a satire on the narrow-mindedness of the Jews, and not intended by the author to be regarded as historical; and recognizes the composite character of the authorship of the historical books of the Old Testament. The general editor of the "Religious Education Texts," to which series this volume belongs, draws in his Introduction the distinction between study of and study about. This book is chiefly a study *of* the Bible in the light of modern knowledge respecting it. The book is reverent in spirit, fearless but constructive in treatment, positive but not dogmatic in its conclusions, and lucid in style. It can be heartily commended to parents who wish a book to help them in studying with their children at home. It brings the history down to the destruction of Jerusalem, but does not include any account of the life of Christ.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY

LENIN. By M. A. Landau-Aldanov. E. P Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

LINCOLN, THE GREATEST MAN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Dean Charles R. Brown. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

SEVEN AGES OF WASHINGTON (THE). By Owen Wister. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

CORNER-STONE OF PHILLIPPINE INDEPENDENCE (THE). By Francis Burton Harrison. The Century Company, New York. $3.

EUROPE—WHITHER BOUND (QUO VADIS EUROPA?). Being Letters of Travel from the Capitals of Europe in the Year 1921 By Stephen Graham. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

HELLENIC HISTORY. By George Willis Botsford. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

LEADING AMERICAN TREATIES. By Charles E. Hill. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

MODERN ECONOMIC PROBLEMS. By Frank A. Fetter, Ph.D., LL.D. *Second Edition* The Century Company, New York. $2.75.

RAILROADS AND GOVERNMENT. By Frank Haigh Dixon. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.25.

MISCELLANEOUS

PRINCIPLES OF PUBLIC PERSONNEL ADMINISTRATION. By Arthur W. Procter D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.

RURAL CHILD WELFARE. An Inquiry by the National Child Labor Committee Based upon Conditions in West Virginia. Under the direction of Edward N. Clopper, Ph.D. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

ROMANCE OF A GREAT STORE (THE). By Edward Hungerford. Illustrated. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York.

STORIES FROM DANTE. By Susan Cunnington. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.25.

WILL-POWER AND WORK. By Jules Payot The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York $1.75.

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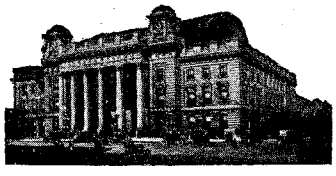

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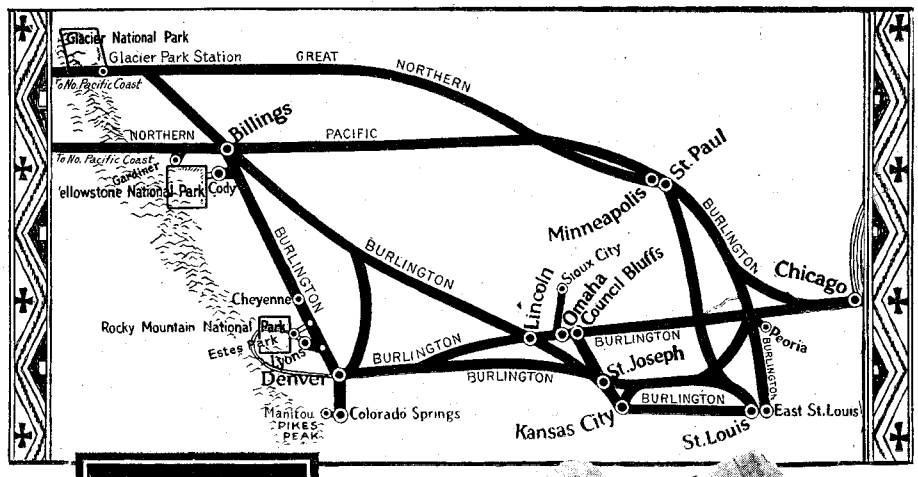

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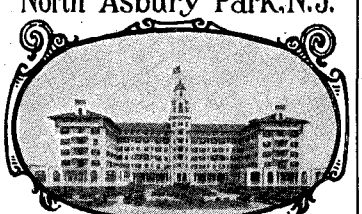

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ARE YOU SEEIN AMERICA FIRST

BY
MARGUERITE A. SALOMO

THIS is the time of year when t annual vacation pilgrimage about to begin. It is therefore t purpose of this article to offer certa suggestions to the reader who is pla ning to "see America first."

Perhaps the average American h failed to realize the infinite variety vacation spots which our own count affords.

Most of us seem to know more abo Europe, Asia, or South America than v do about our own glorious land, and y these United States offer a tourist t greatest variety of delightful expe ences.

Presuming the potential vacationist from the East and wishes to go only short distance, he has a wealth of plac from which to choose. Perhaps he is lover of the woods—a fisherman or huntsman; he may be a motorist cr ing good roads, wanting to spend entire outing in his car; or, he may h the seashore best, with its bathing, bo ing, and other water sports. He m want to live in luxurious, comfortal hotels or he may greatly desire "rough it" in a tent, far from the hus and unrest of civilization.

NEW ENGLAND

The New England States are intens "vacationland." Every imaginable ty of resort, suiting every pocketbook a every taste, can be found from Maine Connecticut. Space does not permit complete description of the limitless portunities for bathing, sailing, can ing, driving, motoring, tramping, mo tain climbing, golf, fishing, hunting, a camping to be found here. What more delightful, however, than Rangeley Lake or the Moosehead La region in the Maine woods, each which is so very accessible? Names conjure with for the lover of the s shore are Nahant, Swampscott, Marl head, Beverly, Manchester-by-the-S Magnolia, Gloucester, Rockport, Ani quam, and Salisbury in Massachuset Hampton, Rye, Little Boar's Head, N Castle, Portsmouth, and the Isle Shoals in New Hampshire; Kitte York Beach, Kennebunk, Wells Bea Ogunquit, Old Orchard, Prouts Ne Scarboro Beach, and Casco Bay with hundreds of charming islands in Mai

And the mountaineer and nature lo can revel for days in the exquis beauty of the White and Green Mo tains. The Presidential Range, with Old Man of the Mountain, the Flume Franconia Notch, and the Lost Ri region are the best known of natu attractions in the White Mountai Both the White and Green Mounta also are a motorist's paradise, for only can he find negotiable and rat remarkable automobile roads, but

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greatest variety of fine hotels to meet his every desire and comfort.

Then there is the charming lake and inland section, including the beautiful highland lakes of New Hampshire—Winnepesaukee, Sunapee, and the others; and the pretty farming sections of the Merrimac and Connecticut Valleys and the restful Berkshire Hills. There is a definite charm in the quaint New England towns of Stockbridge, Great Barrington, Lenox, or Pittsfield in the Berkshires.

NEW YORK STATE

New York also offers a wide range of choice to the vacationist. In the Adirondacks the out-of-doors lover will find the many camps satisfying in the extreme. Every imaginable type of outdoor sport can be found, and the more fastidious tourist who wishes for comfort rather than the rough backwoods camp will have in the Adirondacks everything his heart desires. Such charming spots as Saranac Lake and Lake Placid, Loon Lake and the Fulton Chain of Lakes, to say nothing of Schroon Lake, are a medley of ideal vacation spots, each with many fine hotels and camps.

Lake George and Lake Champlain—both exquisite as can be—abound in fine boarding-houses and hotels and are visited annually by thousands of vacationists from New York and other near-by cities.

At Buffalo one can take a comfortable steamer and spend one of the finest vacations in cruising through the Great Lakes. This "sea voyage" on these unique inland lakes—so huge as to be more like miniature oceans than lakes—provides a truly interesting experience.

THE NORTHERN WOODS AND LAKES COUNTRY

Then, going a bit farther westward, and only one night from Chicago, is the great lake-dotted North Woods district of Wisconsin and Michigan—a land of wild and witching beauty and infinite charm. It is truly the outer's paradise. This is a primitive playground in the midst of lake and pine. Geographically, this region is about seventy-five miles north of Green Bay and fifty miles south of Lake Superior—a comparatively short trip from any of the Middle West territory. Three Lakes, Eagle River, Tomahawk Lake, Mid-Lake, Bolton, all are the centers from which the vacationist can start for a summer of unalloyed joy.

There are two distinct kinds of resorts in the North Woods region. There is the one with board walks, electric lights, ballroom, and tennis courts, and with all the attractions of any fashionable resort with the added touch of the near-by wilderness. Then there is the other—the camp and log cottage of the more primitive type, with the fun of fishing, hunting, boating, berrying, and exploring for unmapped lakes keeping one busy from morning until night. This is the land of outing clothes and camp-fires at night, the land of true recreation—and re-creation.

A little farther on to the west, in the

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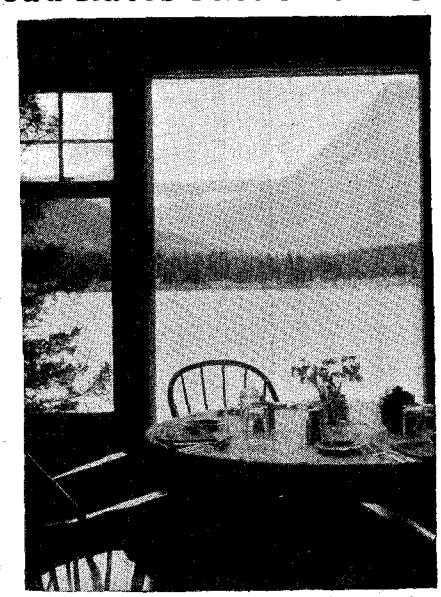

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ARE YOU SEEING AMERICA FIRST?

(Continued)

State of Minnesota, an almost identical type of country is found and is quite as alluring as Wisconsin and Michigan. They speak euphoniously of the "ten thousand lakes of Minnesota," and it is indeed true that there are thousands of lakes—enough for everybody and no crowding. This "land of the sky-blue waters," the terminus of which is St. Paul and Minneapolis, presents fine motor highways and hikers' trails, free automobile camp sites and splendid hotels and inns, and every imaginable enjoyment for those who want a happy vacation.

OUR NATIONAL PARKS

Taking it all in all, there are no more delightful recreation spots in this country than our National Parks. These are rightly called "playgrounds for the people," and, each with its own individuality, its own charm, and its own unique features, offer the widest range of scenery to the tourist in this country.

Of course the ideal thing is to visit them all. If this cannot be done, then at least one or two of them should be included in every Western itinerary. Later on in this article I will outline a few suggested tours, including one or more of the Parks.

The eleven most important National Parks are Glacier, Mount Rainier, Crater Lake, Yosemite, Sequoia, and General Grant; Zion Canyon, Yellowstone, Rock Mountain, Mesa Verde, and the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

Glacier National Park, in Montana, is the "happy hunting-ground" of hiker and mountaineer. This is a rugged mountain region of unsurpassed alpine grandeur. Here are hundreds of glacier-fed lakes of romantic beauty, peaks of unusual shape, and precipices thousands of feet deep. A fine system of trails has opened up this hitherto wilderness and an equally fine and rather unusual system of hotels and chalets affords a vacation of comfort and ease and good times not to be duplicated anywhere else.

Mount Rainier National Park is remarkable for its exquisite scenery and its interesting glacier system. Forty-eight miles of glacier, the largest and most interesting being the famous Nisqually Glacier, will keep the mountaineer busy exploring for many a day. The remarkable sub-alpine wild-flower fields present a sight so lovely that one will feel like lingering for a long while merely to see them. A comfortable inn situated almost at the summit of Mount Rainier, is an added attraction.

It is the unique formation and the wonderful color of Crater Lake which brings the curious to see this marvelous feat of nature at Crater Lake National Park. The lake is an extraordinary shade of blue—sapphire—so blue, in fact, that when artists paint it naturally they are accused of over-coloring. Crater Lake has no outlet or inlet, and its sides are 1,000 feet deep. It was formed in the crater of the extinct volcano

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Mount Mazama. Fine trout fishing keeps the traveler at the tiny but rather inadequate lodge often beyond his scheduled time.

The Yosemite National Park, in middle-eastern California, is the "beauty" of them all. Here is found some of nature's grandest scenery. El Capitan, Sentinel Dome, Mirror Lake, the views from Glacier Point, Bridal Veil Falls, Vernal Falls—these are names to conjure with! Fine hotels and camps located at convenient intervals take care of the many tourists who visit Yosemite all the year round.

Sequoia and General Grant National Parks, which are really the "big tree" preserves, contain most of the wonderful giant sequoia or redwood trees which every traveler to California must surely see. They are one of the wonders of the world.

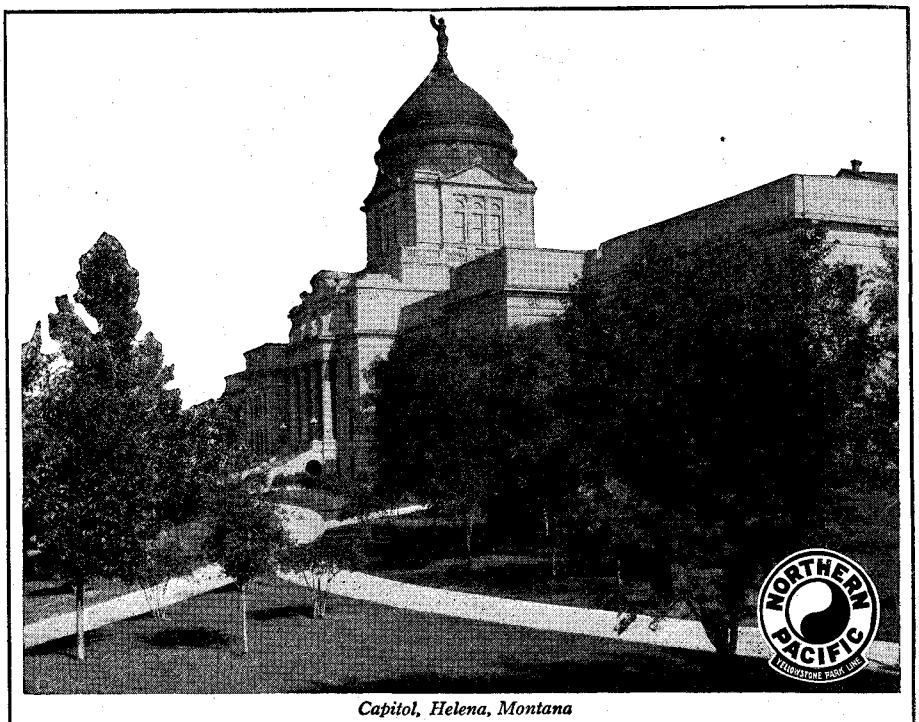
Zion Canyon National Park is one of the latest of our National Parks. It is located in southern Utah and contains some of the most wonderful scenery in this country. At present the only accommodations suitable for the traveler are found in a small camp; but for those who love exploring into the unknown and who wish to get away from the beaten track Zion Canyon will appeal immensely.

Yellowstone National Park, in northwestern Wyoming, is the second oldest of our National Parks. Here, assembled in a small area, is the greatest collection of the grotesque and queer phenomena in nature. The many hot springs and pools, vari-colored waters edged with rainbow hues; a prismatic lake; wonderful geysers—more geysers than in the rest of the world together; bubbling mud geysers and hot "paint pots"—all these give the traveler the feeling that he is seeing the world in its making. And aside from the grotesque there is the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone and Yellowstone Falls. The view of this gorgeous, pastel-shaded canyon from Inspiration Point is indescribably beautiful. Yellowstone National Park contains a fine chain of hotels and camps.

Rocky Mountain National Park, in north-middle Colorado, is essentially the place for an ideal summer's vacation in the out-of-doors. Here in the heart of the Rockies, surrounded by wonderful snow-capped peaks, many of them more than 10,000 feet in altitude, are found a number of charming lodges, affording the best of accommodations. Being so very accessible both by train and by automobile makes this particular Park one of the most popular of all the National Parks.

Mesa Verde National Park is particularly interesting because it contains the most notable and best-preserved prehistoric cliff dwellings in the world.

The Grand Canyon of Arizona—the Colossus of canyons—is the most sensational of all our scenic wonders. This remarkable work of nature, so beautiful and wonderful, so indescribable, this masterpiece of erosion, is really awesome in its grandeur. An excellent hotel is built on its rim, and the tourist



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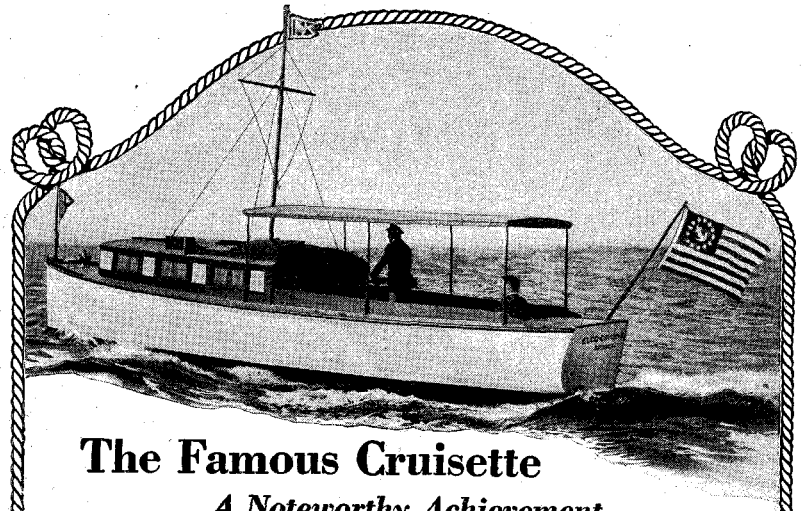

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COLORADO

Probably one of the most interesting sections of the country from a vacation standpoint is Colorado. The extremely high altitude and the fine mountains and the fact that Colorado is "where the West begins" make it most attractive.

For those who, being city lovers, cannot tear themselves away from metropolitan surroundings Denver presents everything they may wish, together with a climate so cool and invigorating as to be always comfortable. Within a stone's throw and most easy of access are the Denver Mountain Parks, that are truly the most natural of playgrounds.

Within four hours' automobile ride of Denver—a trip so exquisite as to be never forgotten—Rocky Mountain National Park is reached. In another direction, just an hour or so by train, is Colorado Springs, with all its famous attractions—Pike's Peak, Manitou, and the Garden of the Gods.

A little farther on to the south is the Mesa Verde National Park, and in the opposite way, after crossing the Continental Divide on the interesting Royal Gorge trip, is Glenwood Springs, a fine vacation resort. Colorado, with its good roads and many municipal automobile camping sites, is truly a motorist's Mecca.

CALIFORNIA

So many people think of California merely as a winter resort with a tropical climate that they are often surprised to find it quite as agreeable in summer. California is truly a medley of all-year-round resorts and can be visited any season of the year most comfortably. Its climate is never tropical at any time.

It would take more space than I have at my command to describe comprehensively the charm of all the California resorts. Beginning with San Diego and Coronado, and working up north along the coast through La Jolla, Long Beach, Santa Barbara, and Del Monte, one can find a succession of fine beach resorts of great beauty and with magnificent hotels all along the way.

In northern California the country around Mount Shasta is very beautiful and there are many interesting resorts where those who love the mountains can find enough to do to keep them occupied all summer. East of San Francisco, in the Feather River Canyon and at Lake Tahoe, is another next-to-nature type of country with plenty of fine mountain lodges, very comfortable and attractive.

From Los Angeles there are enough side-trips to keep one going indefinitely for weeks, with excursions into the orange grove region (Riverside and Pomona), to Catalina, to Pasadena, and so forth.

OREGON AND WASHINGTON—THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

It would take more than one article to speak adequately of the Pacific Northwest, for both Oregon and Washington are wonderlands of marvelous scenic resorts. In Oregon, Crater Lake National Park, as described before, is one point no tourist must miss. One's itinerary should always include a stop-over in Portland long enough to include a trip over the finest automobile highway in the world—the Columbia River Highway. This wonderful road is built along the north bank of the Columbia River, and there is no scenery anywhere to equal this. A splendid hotel has been built to accommodate those who wish to stay in this charming spot for a few days.

An almost unknown section of Oregon, though exceedingly beautiful, is the Mount Hood region. The hardened mountaineer finds a great deal to interest him in exploring its seven interesting glaciers, while the less hardy will delight in the innumerable trails which have been built by the Forest Service and which can be negotiated either on foot or on horseback. Unfortunately, however, the hotel accommodations in this region are not adequate nor very comfortable and one must "rough it" to see this part of Oregon.

There are also some very fine beaches along the west coast of Oregon, the most popular being Gearhart and Seaside, about one hundred miles from Portland.

Seattle, in the State of Washington, is charmingly located on Puget Sound. Standing on one of its many hills, the exquisite view of the Olympics on one side and Mount Rainier on the other is a never-to-be-forgotten sight.

For those who can loiter a while in Washington there are innumerable resorts of infinite charm. Lake Chelan, for instance, is a lovely spot with splendid fishing. Of course Mount Rainier National Park is another. The many little islands in Puget Sound, each with an individuality of its own, are perfect little gems. The wonderful Olympics—an almost unexplored region—are surely fascinating for those who seek something quite "different."

CANADIAN ROCKIES

Into a comparatively small area in western Canada is packed some of the most magnificent scenery in this hemisphere. The richest of this Canadian Rockies scenery is from Banff to Revel-

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stoke. This is truly named the "Switzerland of America." The mistake is often made, however, of dashing through this splendid country without making more than two stop-overs. These are generally at Banff and Lake Louise, but there is much to do and see at Glacier, Field, Golden, and Revelstoke, and the tourist should allow enough time to see them all.

ALASKA

A truly restful and interesting water trip, and one which rounds out a transcontinental tour immensely, is the inland route to southeastern Alaska, with a side-trip to the Atlin Lakes. The latter is taken from Skagway. The whole tour takes about twenty days and is comparable with the noted fjords tours in Norway. Here too, in certain periods of the year, the midnight sun is seen.

A FEW SUGGESTED ITINERARIES

From the foregoing résumé the reader has some idea of the possibilities of touring in this country. The interesting thing about transcontinental touring is that there is a diversity of routes from which to choose and one can plan perfect circular tours without the necessity of retracing one's footsteps.

Most routes begin at Chicago. One fine trip is to start west by a northern route, including Glacier National Park (or by way of the Canadian Rockies), to the Pacific Northwest; then south to California as far as Los Angeles. From there the return trip can be made by way of the Grand Canyon. Or an alternative return trip can be made via the Zion Canyon National Park, Salt Lake City, Yellowstone National Park, Rocky Mountain National Park, and Denver, and then to Chicago.

An exceedingly interesting tour including several National Parks starts at Chicago; thence to Denver and Colorado Springs; to Salt Lake City by way of the Royal Gorge; to Yellowstone National Park; to Los Angeles, with a possible stop-over at Zion Canyon National Park *en route*. From Los Angeles numerous side-trips can be made. Then along the coast to San Francisco, from which point the tour of Yosemite and the Big Tree region is made. Then north to Crater Lake National Park and Portland, to Mount Rainier National Park and Seattle, and return either by way of Glacier National Park or the Canadian Rockies.

Increasing interest is being manifested by California tourists in the new route to San Diego through Imperial Valley and Carriso Gorge—California's newest scenic marvel. The construction of a line from Yuma west completed the shortest and most direct route by many miles between Chicago and San Diego. The difficulties surmounted mark an epoch in modern railway engineering. That part of the line through Carriso Gorge, consisting of eleven miles, cost approximately $4,000,000. The views afforded and the contrast of coloring in the rock formation are really wonderful.

Another interesting tour begins at New York. By steamer to New Orleans; from New Orleans through San Antonio and El Paso to the Apache Trail and the Roosevelt Dam in Arizona; thence to Los Angeles. From Los Angeles the return can be made to San Francisco; from San Francisco through the Feather River Canyon and Royal Gorge to Colorado Springs and Denver, with a side-trip to Rocky Mountain National Park, and from Rocky Mountain National Park back to Chicago and New York.

Another interesting way to reach the coast is via the Panama Canal. Very comfortable and quite luxurious steamers make this trip to Los Angeles and San Francisco about once a month.

MANY Outlook readers will doubtless be interested in certain of the vacation points mentioned in the above article. The Outlook will, upon request, see that full descriptive literature on any point of interest is forwarded to any reader.

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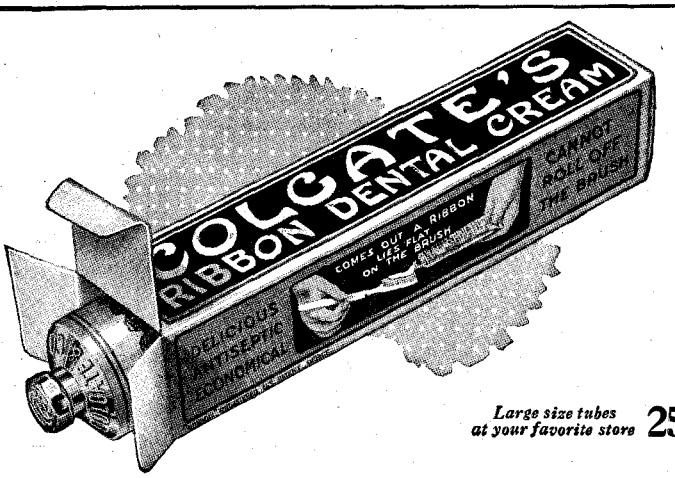

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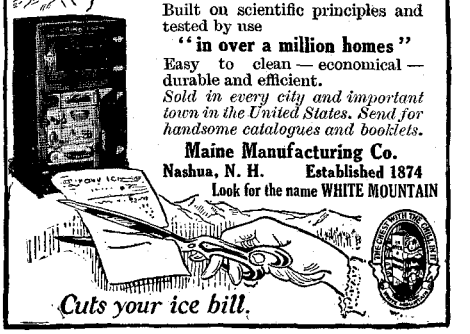

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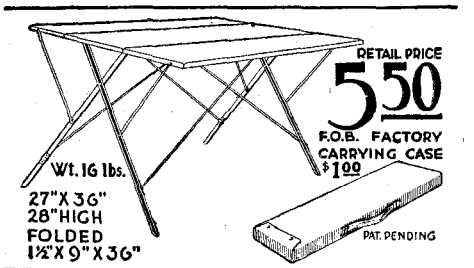

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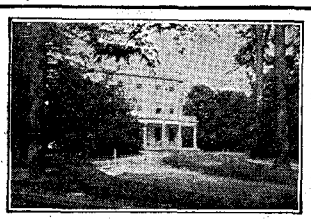

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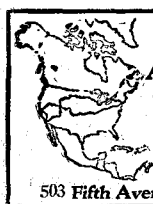

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WANTED—Competent woman to cook and serve meals for party in Adirondack camp. Would take mother with daughter old enough to help her. July to October. Write to Mrs. H. C. Geyer, Englewood, N. J.

WANTED — Mother's helper. Desirable permanent position for capable young woman. Suburban home near Reading. State salary. Mohican Lodge, Sinking Spring, Pa.

WANTED—Young woman to keep house for small family of adults in New York City. Share family life. Sunny south room. Time to carry half year's college credits. 1,567, Outlook.

WANTED—Refined woman for position of waitress. Country place. Large family (7). No servants need apply. 1,592, Outlook.

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WANTED—Governess. Country summer, Florida winter. Position permanent. Children ages 4 and 7. State age and religion. *References as such—no school teachers need* apply. Position open June 1. 1,595, Outlook.

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A woman of considerable experience in the business management of club, small hotel, or *school is seeking a position of this type.* She can furnish executive experience and first-class references and would affiliate herself only with first-class management. 1,566, Outlook.

SECRETARY-stenographer, social or business, eight years' experience, desires permanent position or for summer. Excellent references. 1,569, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

COMPANION. French woman, highest American references. Willing to travel or tutor. 1,518, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse, English, German, sunny disposition, useful companion, excellent traveler, desires position. Couple or gentleman. Quality references. 1,528, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl desires position as companion and tutor summer months. Refined surroundings considered above salary. 1,512, Outlook.

TWO young women, experienced teachers, desire employment together for summer, would travel with family, do vacation school work, or care for home in absence of family. 1,541, Outlook.

POSITION as companion for summer—well qualified. References exchanged. 1,546, Outlook.

WANTED, by young woman college graduate, summer position as companion-tutor to one or more girls in their teens; preferably seashore or mountains. Address E. T. W., Box 182, Eldora, Iowa.

TEACHER acquainted with art, speaking four languages, would go as companion or *guide abroad. Only expenses required.* References exchanged. 1,556, Outlook.

GENTLEMAN desires position as companion to elderly gentleman or semi-invalid. Used to travel. Highest references. 1,557, Outlook.

TWO young college women, seniors, desire out-of-door positions, preferably together, for the summer. 1,559, Outlook.

YOUNG college woman, traveling companion to lady or children. Could tutor. Excellent references. 1,555, Outlook.

LADY going to California last of June will chaperon schoolgirl on journey for part expenses. References exchanged. 1,560, Outlook.

TO travel. Dependable, amiable woman, 35, experienced, executive, desires position as companion or governess to party going abroad. Understands traveling. 1,413, Outlook.

WANTED, by young colored man, position for summer gardening or chauffeur. W. Adrian Freeman, Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va.

JUNIOR in college would like position for summer months as companion and tutor for young boy. Reply 1,563, Outlook.

FREE June 7 until Sept. 1, Smith College graduate, 5 years' experience teaching English, adaptable and capable. Companion, secretary, governess, or similar position. References. 1,565, Outlook.

COMPANION and TUTOR—Young lady, *junior at Wellesley College, desires position* as companion and tutor to young girl for summer months. Exceptional references furnished. Address 1,577, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl loving children and outdoor *life desires position as companion for one or* more children for summer months. American, Protestant. Moderate salary. 1,578, Outlook.

COMPANION or governess. Position sought by American woman speaking French. Experienced with children and invalids. Has lived abroad. Foreign travel preferred. D. M., Box 123, North Scituate, Mass.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

KINDERGARTNER with ten years' experience desires summer position. Capable *of full care of little children.* 1,601, *Outlook.*

COLLEGE woman wants European position beginning September. 1,583, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY graduate, 6 years high *school teacher, Catholic, desires position for* summer as companion, tutor, secretary. Likes to travel. Excellent references. 1,582, Outlook.

SECRETARY. Young woman, well educated, experienced, and capable, speaks French fluently. Prefers to travel. Excellent references, business and social. 1,579, Outlook.

CANADIAN woman of refinement and ability desires position of trust with young children for summer months. Understands their physical care and is able to take entire charge. References. 1,581, Outlook.

GRADUATE *nurse crossing to England* will take charge of child or other duty. 1,590, Outlook.

COLLEGE woman, physician, would accompany child or adult to California for expenses. 1,589, Outlook.

TUTORING, companion, traveling or motoring, by Trinity School graduate and Cornell student. Excellent references. Spencer, 294 Central Park West, New York.

AS companion or tutor to party traveling abroad this summer, college teacher desires position. Address 5839 Alter St., Philadelphia.

REFINED Virginia woman wishes position as companion to adults or children. 1,594, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as governess, companion, or housekeeper. 1,596, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED medical secretary desires position with physician or secretary-companionship to lady of wealth. Capable, young, refined, efficient housekeeper. Excellent references. 1,597, Outlook.

CAPABLE middle-aged woman wants position as managing housekeeper or companion. Country preferred. 1,599, Outlook.

NURSE desires position with family living in country. Long experience with children from 3 to 6 years. References. 1,562, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

COLLEGE senior, experienced with children, desires position as nursery governess for the *summer months.* 1,410, Outlook.

INSTRUCTOR wants position in private school for next year. Can handle athletics; experienced. References. No reasonable offer rejected. Address 1,479, Outlook.

FRENCH teacher, experienced with drawing and needlework, wants work in school or camp. 1,519, Outlook.

GOVERNESS—Experienced teacher wishes *position for summer. Handwork, physical* education specialty. References exchanged. 1,545, Outlook.

FRENCH lady, highest references, teaching Spanish, piano, wants position anywhere —France. 1,558, Outlook.

WANTED—Position for summer as instructor or governess for children in private family. At present principal Andover public *school. Address Anna Most, Andover, Conn.*

COLLEGE girl desires position as nursery governess or companion. Experienced with little children. Address Helen Jardine, 801 S. Wright, Champaign, Ill.

EXPERIENCED tutor, junior in college, Christian, athletic, wishes position as tutor-companion. Now in New York. 1,570, Outlook.

MUSICIAN, young college man of broad culture and sympathies, would travel in the capacity of tutor or companion. 1,572, Outlook.

TUTOR-COMPANION. Engineering and legal training, capable instructing summer sports. Excellent professional references character and ability. 1,576, Outlook.

POSITION wanted (male). College student, 19, Christian, pianist, as tutor in mathematics, etc., for summer months. Kretcher, *1112 Lorimer St., Brooklyn, N. Y.*

WOMAN educated in foreign university, experienced chaperon, who speaks French, German, can sew, desires position for summer or all year as governess. 1,586, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY graduate, experienced teacher, desires tutoring position for summer. 1,585, Outlook.

TEACHER, fond of children, desires resident employment, congenial surroundings, for July and August. 1,598, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—Defective people to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' *aid course of six months is offered by* the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, *will* shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

REFINED home school for slightly retarded children, age 7—15 years. Limited number. 70 Prospect St., Portchester, N. Y. Tel. 1556 M.

FOR sale. "Nouveau Larousse Illustré," 9 vols., $40; "The Historians' History of the World," 25 vols., $20; 40 ft. of hand-carved open bookcases, Italian walnut, $800; Duncan Phyfe table, antique hall chairs, mirror, etc., at great sacrifice. Mrs. R. A. Lawrence, 60 West 68th St., New York City.

BOYS wanted. *500 boys wanted to sell* The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

WANT to place 13 year old boy in group of 4 or 5, Maine or Adirondacks, under supervision of experienced camper where individual attention assured. Lock Box 52, Wyncote, Pa.

LADY and daughter will take boy or girl between ten and fourteen in their Connecticut home for summer; might be preferred to camp by parents going abroad. References. 1,575, Outlook.

WELLESLEY College graduate, readily adaptable, offers helpful companionship to old or young on summer trip abroad. Courtesy of invitation considered sufficient remuneration. 1,600, Outlook.

MASTER in one of New York's well known private schools will take three boys to his *cottage on Maine coast. Tutoring in college* preparatory subjects. Reasonable terms. References given and required. 1,591, Outlook.

REST home for invalids or people needing rest. Excellent food, scientific care. Mrs. Fordham, 29 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford, Conn.

Have You Planned Your Summer Vacation Yet?

This issue of The Outlook contains many advertisements of Summer Resorts and Vacation Tours.

Much attractive literature is issued by the various hotels, railways, and steamship lines. The Outlook will gladly undertake to have descriptive literature sent you covering any point in which you may be interested. Address

TRAVEL EDITOR

The Outlook Company

381 Fourth Avenue, New York

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Guardians of the Circuits

The telephone at your elbow seems so simple an instrument, it does its work so quietly and quickly, that it is difficult to realize the vast and complex equipment, the delicate and manifold adjustments, the ceaseless human care "behind the scenes" in the central offices.

Behind the scenes is the terminal of all the underground and overhead lines on the streets and highways. Here are the cable vaults; the great steel frames containing the thousands of separate wires and fuses for the subscribers' lines; the dynamos and storage batteries; the giant switchboards through which your telephone is connected with the other thirteen million telephones in the Bell System.

And here, in charge of this equipment, are the guardians of the circuits—the wire chief and his assistants—master electricians and experts in telephony. Their first duty is the *prevention* of "trouble." By day and by night they are constantly testing the central office equipment, the overhead and underground lines, the subscribers' individual wires. And when, from some cause beyond control, "trouble" does occur, nine times out of ten it is repaired before the telephone subscriber suffers the slightest inconvenience.

It is the skill of the men behind the scenes, together with scientific development and construction, efficient maintenance and operation, which make it possible for you to rely upon the telephone day and night.

"BELL SYSTEM"
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

Whether kneeling or standing users get perfect results from
WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES
Made of bristles exactly adapted to the purposes for which they are intended. Securely held in ferrules by methods which insure against shedding of bristles or failure.
Send for Illustrated Literature
JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO.
Boston, U.S.A.
Brush Manufacturers for Over 112 Years and the Largest in the World

BY THE WAY

"Did your brother have any luck when he was hunting tigers in India?" asks Mr. Smithwick, as reported in the "Irish World." "Yes, sir, great luck—he never met any."

A college paper, the Toronto "Goblin," tries its hand at free verse, thus:

EVER?
Have you ever been
Introduced to your chum's
Fair affinity, and
Immediately she tries to
Gather you in?
But you remember that he's
Your chum, and consequently
Act rather cool towards her, and
Straightway she advises
Your chum to shun you, because
You are no fit
Companion for him.

The old clipper (or semi-clipper, to be exact) Glory of the Seas, which was built by McKay, of Boston, in 1869, and which held the record for her class of craft between Australia and San Francisco of thirty-five days' sailing time—"a record that was never equaled by any square-rigged, three skysailyards vessel," a nautical authority says—is now being dismantled. The Glory of the Seas is known to veteran seafaring men in all ports of the world, it is said, for she had sailed on all the seven seas for two generations. Her passing brings a shadow of sadness to lovers of the grand old ships of the last century.

The old-time frontiersman's horse was close to his heart, and sometimes received the tribute of honorable burial when the end came. Some of the inscriptions above the graves of the favorite horses, as quoted in "The Cowboy," by P. A. Rollins, tell the story with simple eloquence. Here are three:

JIM
a reel hors
oct 1, 82

HERE LIES
"I'M HERE"
The Very Best of Cow Ponies,
A Gallant Little Gentleman.
Died on this Spot, Sept. 3, 1890

HERE LIES
"WHAT NEXT"
Born ——, —— 1886, at ——,
Died July 16, 1892, near Ft. Washakie, Wyo.
He had the Body of a Horse,
The Spirit of a Knight, and
The Devotion of the Man
who Erected This Stone.

The New York City Telephone Directory is perhaps the most wonderful collection of surnames in existence. Any one in an idle moment may make interesting discoveries in it. For instance, there are in the directory—Dumas, with Porthos, Athos, and Aramis; Dickens and Pickwick; Thackeray and Newcome; Walter Scott and Marmion; Othello and Hamlet; Swift and Smollett; Macaulay and Carlyle; Dante and Byron; Raphael and Velasquez.

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